

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning, Price 6d.; or 10d. if sent into the Country, Post Free, on the Day of Publication. Country and Foreign Readers may be supplied with the unstamped edition in Monthly and Quarterly Parts.

No. 294.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1825.

Price 6d.

ADDRESS.

IN commencing a new year and a new volume of *The Literary Chronicle* at the same time, there can be no impropriety in our taking a prospective and retrospective view, particularly as the increasing patronage with which we are honoured enables us to look forward with confidence, and on the past with satisfaction. We began our career as free from prejudice as any one could be. We were unfettered by booksellers or authors, and have yielded to no constraints that could prevent us from maintaining the most rigid independence. We pledged ourselves, if not in the strict language, at least in the spirit of the Great Charter, that we would not 'buy, sell, or delay justice;' and the result has been the obtaining for *The Literary Chronicle*, a constantly-increasing circulation, and a character for critical integrity.

Of our labours during the last year we leave the public to judge. The index will show that we have not been deficient in industry, as, in the course of the volume, critical and analytical reviews have been given of nearly 350 new works; and, had we been satisfied to decide on a mere *sight of books*, the number might have been doubled.

While we have been thus attentive to the critical department of the work, we have not neglected the miscellaneous features of it. Our volume for the last year will be found particularly rich in original correspondence, especially in essays, sketches of society and manners, and a sort of running commentary on the vices and follies of the age. Under the head of Fine Arts, will be found a critical notice of the exhibitions, new churches, and public buildings in the metropolis, written by a gentleman whose intimate acquaintance with the subjects is only equalled by the freedom and strict impartiality of his remarks.

It will scarcely have escaped observation, that since *The Literary Chronicle* was commenced, numerous rivals or competitors have started—and that too under favourable auspices,—and have failed. But although we chant no hymn of joy or triumph on their fall, yet it must be allowed, that in standing against such opposition, it is clearly proved that *The Literary Chronicle* is successfully established.

It will be seen that we commence our Seventh Volume with a new type, which enables us to give considerable additional matter, without any additional charge. Our literary arrangements have also been extended, and we are determined to spare no exertions to render *The Literary Chronicle* all that its best friends can wish it. With the expression of our sincere thanks to our valuable contributors and readers, we conclude with wishing that we may all long live thus to greet and be greeted.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels; or, Annual Selections from the Latest Works of that Description which have yet appeared in English. Vol. 1, for 1825. To which is prefixed, *A Retrospect of the Geographical Discoveries of the last Ten Years.* 18mo. pp. 408. London, 1825.

ALTHOUGH the Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels does not come before us in the avowed capacity of a christmas and new year's gift, yet its size, its neat gilt case, ornamented wrapper, and gilt leaves, all convince us that the editor thinks it no inappropriate offering on such occasions, and in this we agree with him. Geography is a branch of science now much cultivated even by the fair sex; and no female who has had even an ordinary education can be imposed on with the old jokes, that the Dutch have taken Holland, or that the French have taken Umbrage. But, although the Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels is well calculated, both from its contents and the manner in which it is got up, to prove a very acceptable present for the young, yet we should do it manifest injustice, did we not state that it presents as strong claims on the public at large; and on this ground we would recommend, in future years (for it is intended as an annual), that a plainer and cheaper edition should be published, for those who wish to consult the work for the useful and interesting information it contains, rather than for the tasteful and ornamental manner in which it is got up.

The object of the work is pretty clearly stated in the title: it is to give the best extracts from such books of voyages and travels as have been published during the year, and yet have not appeared in English: a similar volume of those which have appeared in England would be a very desirable companion, if the claims of copyright did not interfere with its execution.

It would be a mere waste of time for us to dwell on the uses of a knowledge of geography, or to point out the various discoveries that yet remain to be made in that science*. Thanks, however, to the enterprise of individuals and the liberality of a few governments, every year produces some new and interesting information respecting countries and people, our knowledge of which is imperfect and unsatisfactory. England has done much herself: she has almost yearly one or more victims sacrificed in penetrating the interior of Africa; her sons alike brave the horrors of an arctic winter and the torrid zone. England, however, does not stand alone, and

* See Nos. 23, 235, and 237, of the *Literary Chronicle*, in which there are some original articles by M. Malte Brun on the subject.

there are many intelligent and indefatigable travellers on the continent, whose labours are not sufficiently known to us, merely from the hazard of translation;—we do not mean the hazard of a sale, but that two or more booksellers may have pounced on the same work, and bring it out at the same time. This circumstance has, indeed, so much influence in shutting out the mere English reader from the field of European literature, that we wonder some sort of association has not been formed among the London booksellers for translations alone.

It is well observed by the editor of the work before us, that of the valuable works published by foreign travellers, in their respective languages, only the smaller portion ever becomes known to an English reader. Indeed, there are some which it would not pay to translate entirely, and yet contain much information worth knowing; then there are others which only appear in the continental periodicals. Now a work that shall give us the spirit of foreign voyages and travels, as the Cabinet does, not only supplies an important desideratum in literature, but, if well done (and the first volume is an admirable specimen), cannot fail of being extremely popular.

A list of the articles the work contains will, we are sure, at once convince the reader that the editor has gone to sources with which the English public is by no means well acquainted. We have first about forty-five pages translated from Boie's Tour in Norway; next comes a description of an Aurora Borealis; an excellent article on the changes in the climate of the Alps; the manners and customs of the Russians and Tartars; a description of the rocks near Adersback, in Bohemia; Von Richter's Pilgrimage in the East; Webb's account of the Plains of Troy; Dr. Taucher on the Salt Lake of Inderskoi; Eichfield on the Eternal Fire at Baku; an admirable article on Russian Discoveries; a description of the Oasis of Siwah; the best account we have yet seen of the volcanoes now burning; and Baron Minutoli's Travels in Egypt, which, we believe, are in the English press. To these articles we must add an admirable introduction, containing a general view of the most important geographical researches and discoveries during the last ten years, and a well-written memoir of that intelligent traveller, Humboldt. The selections, we doubt not, embrace the most striking parts of each work, and are very interesting. We have little room for extract, but first quote the account of the eternal fire:—

'This fire is in the peninsula of Apscheron, twenty versts from Baku, and is justly called one of the wonders of southern Russia. I have visited this spot: it is a burning desert, from the surface of which subterranean

ous flames here and there issue, which are occasioned by the exhalations of the naphtha. Though this fire may not be eternal, yet it is extremely old, for there are traditions of the origin of similar phenomena* in other parts; for instance, in the Ural, on the river Maxegischia, in the village of Sulp-Aul (v. Pallas), and that which I have seen in Wallachia, on the little river Slainka, near the village of Lapatar, on Mount Klaschna. But the origin of the fire in the neighbourhood of Baku is buried in the obscurity of the remotest antiquity.

‘The first appearance of this fire, in an age when the phenomena of nature were so little known and explored, might appear supernatural. It is well known that Media was the seat of Zoroaster’s doctrine, and of the introduction of those mysterious receptacles of the eternal fire which the Mahometans every where destroyed. Only the miraculous flame of Baku arrested the blind fury of the Mahometans. The temple consecrated to fire is still preserved by the remnant of the ancient Parsees, or fire-worshippers, who, though scattered over the immense tracts of Persia and India, come hither to perform the prayers imposed on them by their vows. This temple, however, is no beautiful specimen of architecture, but a simple stone square, in the centre of which stands the altar, from which issues the eternal fire. The flat roof is supported on four columns, from which a constant fire, conducted by tubes, likewise ascends. On the roof, above the altar, is a little belfry.

‘On dark nights this temple is descried even at a great distance, and is the more interesting and majestic in the eyes of the traveller, as the brilliant flame does not resemble Vulcan’s destructive fire, but is like some mysterious phenomenon, awakening sublime recollections of antiquity.

‘Within the wall which surrounds the temple, there are some stone houses, and a small garden, the residences of eight Parsee monks†. During the time of worship, they strike the bell once, generally on their entrance into the temple, and then prostrate themselves before the altar. After remaining for a pretty considerable time in this position, they rise, strike the bell once more, and then finish their prayers. They give the fire the firstlings of every sort of food. They eat no meat, and live entirely on vegetables. Their particular affection to animals is probably the cause of it. The guardians of the holy fire keep a great number of dogs, whom they treat as friends and companions.

* ‘They originated at no very distant period, by the lightning having rent the upper hard layer of the mountain, which made an issue for the inflammable vapours, and at the same time caused the flames to arise.’

† ‘The Europeans call them, as well as all other fire-worshippers, Guebers, which seems to be a corruption of the word Giaur, by which they designate all those who profess a different religion. They call the Russians Sare Giaur, or Sare Guebr, i. e. light-brown idolaters, probably because they observe fewer persons with black hair among them than among the people of Asia.’

‘It is evident that they prefer their religion to all others, and consider themselves as purer than other men, because they are favoured with the purest notions of the divinity. In conversing with persons of a different religion, they protect themselves by certain prayers, which they repeat in an under-voice. They seemed much displeased when my companions were going to dress their dinner at the same fire as theirs. To satisfy them, I had the kettle removed to another part. When they carried water near us, they always cried out, brama, brama, brama, doubtless to counteract our influence upon it. Perhaps they have a particular respect for water; at least, in remote antiquity, it was considered, by many of the followers of Zoroaster, as a divinity.

‘The atmosphere in the temple and in the surrounding court-yard is very warm, on which account the monks wear a very light clothing.

‘It is reported that the monks in former times frequently made singular vows: for instance, to remain for several years in a constrained attitude, with their arms raised, or holding up one foot, &c. This, indeed, has ceased; but they still endeavour, as they used to do, to prevent the women from approaching the sacred fire; probably that their presence may not divert their attention.

‘In every thing that surrounds them, these monks are very neat and cleanly. They have no superfluity, but poverty is unknown among them. Their cells are likewise lighted by the subterraneous fire, which is easily extinguished by covering the vent through which the gas issues. The verdure of the garden, on the other side of the country, and of the temple, and the delightful shade of the trees, afford these hermits a refreshing coolness. If superstition finds in the evanescent plain an object of adoration, no inconsiderable advantage is derived from the naphtha which is so common here and in the neighbourhood, and yields to the crown an annual revenue of two hundred thousand rubles.’

There is an excellent account of all the known volcanoes in the world; but this, as well as several other interesting articles, we must pass over for the present. We add two articles: the first is an account of a very beautiful aurora borealis, which Dr. Schubert, a late traveller in Sweden, saw in the province of Aelsingland:—

‘On the 19th of September I arrived at Delabo, at near eight o’clock in the evening. At about half-past nine, I had the pleasure of seeing a very beautiful aurora borealis, but was not able to perceive that it was accompanied with the slightest noise. The northern sky was brilliantly illuminated with bright varying rays, which moved alternately up and down in an oblique direction; they were sometimes white, then green, yellow, red, nearly resembling the colours of the rainbow; at one time, they kept distinct from each other; at another, they blended together with the most lively play of colours, then separated again; and sometimes the whole seemed to stand still: the appearance was the most beautiful when dark clouds

passed behind the rays, or the stars twinkled through them. It was not quite light enough to read, but about as light as when the moon is veiled in thin transparent clouds. It continued about an hour, but it frequently lasts through the night. It is sometimes more brilliant than when I saw it, but in general less so. It is seldom that a year passes without an aurora borealis, and then it is very frequent. On high mountains, it seems to hover round the traveller.’

From Boie’s Tour in Norway, we quote a most remarkable instance of what human nature can bear in those climates:—

‘In November, 1814 or 1813, John Frank, of Moskenöe, rowed to the numerous cliffs on the west of this island (Mosken), and moored against one of them to shoot sea otters. He went on shore, but probably neglected to secure the boat properly, as the remains of it were soon after found floating on the water; and it being supposed of course that he had perished, no difficulty was made in proceeding to the legal division of his property among his heirs. Nearly a month afterwards, a boat accidentally touching at the cliff, discovered the unfortunate man, who, without speaking a word, fell upon the provisions in the boat. He was dreadfully disfigured by want of food, yet still able to stand upright. The magistrates soon after visited this place, and are said to have taken down his statement in writing. He affirmed that he had lived only on turf and snow, instead of fresh water, of which there was none in the place. Probably, however, he had eaten also muscles, and sea stars, of which there must have been some on a cliff some hundred paces in extent, but did not think fit to acknowledge it. After his delivery he was seized with a severe fit of illness, but survived it four years. He is said to have been distinguished for a remarkably muscular make.’

Although we shall return to this volume, yet we think it necessary to state that it contains four interesting views, and a portrait of Humboldt.

Letters from the Irish Highlands. Post 8vo. pp. 359. London, 1824.

As the state of Ireland will necessarily occupy a considerable share of the attention of Parliament at the ensuing session, any work calculated to throw a light on the subject is entitled to notice; and that such is the case with the *Letters from the Irish Highlands*, we have no hesitation in asserting. It is true that they do not enter into a political discussion of the advantages of the union, nor do they touch on the great question of Catholic emancipation—topics certainly on which it would be very difficult to graft a new argument or reconcile the very discordant opinions already entertained.—The miseries of Ireland lie much deeper than many politicians seem to imagine, and, were the union to be dissolved, and Catholic emancipation granted to its fullest extent, we do not believe the country would become either rich or happy. The bane of Ireland is in the ignorance of its peasantry, and in that bigotry which is inseparable from the

Roman Catholicism of every country, the influence of which it is in Ireland the last few years formed by a native and a native in the presence of persons, spirit, with was possessed are related, blind bigotry man Catholic not go to Ireland head has been like the Grail.

Much has been said of the state of that the great population of each of the different hemispheres, recently that has appeared companion Highlands, throw much of the peasantry.

The author and we suspect be the memory up their resentment, and hence, however veil which This, to a certain accomplishment, a spirited, a picture of the peasantry, a careless residence and hence with them, listened to them, and drawn is made us be proud, ‘a beautiful erroneous opinion, that, however be the habit there is much good feeling.

The principal appears to be estates in Ireland, properly depraved ruinous example Cunnemara friend, set Benconna, slate. On to stop at have an answer. ‘The hot description, is A thatched by fifteen v

Roman Catholic faith, the constant enemy of education and improvement in every country. In no part of the world is the influence of the priesthood stronger than it is in Ireland: since there we have, within the last few months, pretended miracles, performed by a monkish prince of Hohenlohe, and a native priest actually murdering a child, in the presence of its own parents and a host of persons, on pretence of expelling an evil spirit, with which he said the little innocent was possessed. Equally striking instances are related, in the volume before us, of the blind bigotry of the Irish; and that the Roman Catholic church is intolerant, we need not go to Ireland to ascertain, since its great head has recently proscribed the Bible, and, like the Grand Seignior, prohibited its circulation.

Much has been written, and more said, on the state of Ireland; and yet it is notorious that the great mass of the English and Irish population are as ignorant of the real character of each other, as if they lived in different hemispheres. The work of Mr. Croker, recently published, is one of the best that has appeared, and it has an excellent companion in the Letters from the Irish Highlands, which, though somewhat local, throw much light on the real condition of the peasantry of Ireland.

The authors, for they are more than one, and we suspect of both sexes, are stated to be the members of a family party, who took up their residence in that wilderness, Cunnemara, and who wish 'to lend some assistance, however trifling, towards removing the veil which conceals the state of Ireland.' This, to a considerable extent, the work must accomplish; it is well written, and contains a spirited, and, we doubt not, a very faithful picture of the domestic character of the Irish peasantry, viewed not in a hasty tour, or by a careless observer, but drawn from a long residence among them, and a full acquaintance with the subject, by persons who have visited them in their cottages, mixed with them, listened to all their distresses and traditions, and watched them in their avocations and amusements. The picture thus drawn is eminently calculated, not only to make us better acquainted with a country's pride, 'a bold peasantry,' but removes many erroneous opinions formed of them, by showing that, however desperate or ferocious may be the habits of some portion of the Irish, there is much hospitality and a great deal of good feeling to be met with in the country.

The principal author of these letters appears to be an English gentleman, who has estates in Ireland, and we find him very properly deprecating the odious tyranny and ruinous exactions of middle men. While in Cunnemara, our author, accompanied by a friend, set out for Letterguesh, at the foot of Bencoona, where he was told there was slate. On their way, they were compelled to stop at an inn at Rosscroe, of which we have an amusing description:—

'The hotel at Rosscroe would be worth description, if it could be accurately described. A thatched building, about thirty feet long by fifteen wide, contained a kitchen and an

inner room, affording a shelter for two cows, a horse, and a pig, and sundry other miscellaneous animals, besides the family, and the guests newly arrived. We were ushered into an inner room, which had two beds on the ground-floor, two more in the loft, and above that, a roosting-place for the chickens. The floor was damp and uneven, the room dark and dirty. Our repast consisted of potatoes and eggs, which I enjoyed tolerably well. Not so my fastidious companion, who was, however, better satisfied with the eggs, exclaiming in rapture with every shell that he cracked, "Thank Heaven they have coats on!"

'After our repast was finished, we began to think of our arrangements for the night. I laid me down in my cloak, with a port-manteau for my pillow, and slept sound and well, except when awakened occasionally by the moans of my friend, whose nocturnal sufferings, when recapitulated the next morning, were pretty nearly as follows:—

"As soon as you laid down on the bed, I composed myself to sleep in my chair by the fire; but the smoke that poured out from the chimney for a while prevented my getting any rest. At last, I fell into a dose of a few minutes, but was soon startled by finding my chair sink into the floor; and as often as I sought for a more secure foundation, the same result broke in upon my slumbers. Once I was awakened by the entrance of three or four great girls, and, curious to know what was to become of them, I roused myself to watch their ascent into the cock-loft, and saw them comfortably nestled in the thatch just below the fowls. Not long after, the cocks began to crow, and the hens to cackle, and, on waking, I found the fire gone out, which tempted me into the kitchen. There I saw the floor literally strewn with arms and legs; and the ducks began to quack, and the geese to gabble, and we had to make our way through the legs and arms to the door of the house, which I opened, just as the day began to dawn. The ducks and geese hobbled out with all speed, and I followed: but being less enured to the cold, was glad to return and light a fresh fire in our room, while you lay sleeping all the while as if nothing was the matter."

Our authors give a good account of the state of agriculture in Ireland, though not so voluminously as Arthur Young or Mr. Curwen. Of the costume of the peasantry, we are told, that—

'Such as are thriving in the world, and inclined to bestow a little care upon their personal appearance, would come before you in a costume, so picturesque in itself, and so well adapted to the variable climate of Ireland, that scarcely any alteration can be desired. Their country flannel, thickened with oatmeal, and dyed with madder, a process which takes place at home, forms so good and substantial a petticoat, of a bright red colour, set in full plaits rounds the waist, that its warmth might well defy even the rudest of our western breezes. The gown, which is open before, with short sleeves, and a lined bodice, is of the same material, but generally of a chocolate brown colour. If

an under-garment of linen, an unbleached linen apron, which is not very common it must be confessed, and a coloured cotton neckerchief be added, with a large blue or gray cloak thrown across the shoulders, you have as respectable a figure as can be wished for in the foreground of our mountain scenery. If unmarried, her glossy black or auburn hair will be turned in a very becoming madonna-like style behind her ears, and fastened with a large black pin; if married, you have but little chance of seeing it neatly kept, and therefore it is as well that it should be concealed beneath a linen cap. I see that, regardless of my commendations, your eye is fixed with surprise and disgust upon her naked feet; but I pray you to remember, that she must traverse many a bog, and cross many a mountain stream, before she can reach her lowly cabin; and shoes and stockings, if she had them, would only prove an incumbrance. Indeed, I will candidly confess, that my eye is so much accustomed to the absence of these same shoes and stockings, and I am so well convinced of the disproportion that exists between the comfort they yield and the expense they occasion, that I should be very willing to enter into a compromise, and, if the rest of the wardrobe were in good order, allow the shoes and stockings to be laid by for Sundays and holidays. The men, whose labour in the fields makes such a defence absolutely necessary, are scarcely ever seen without them; while by the children they are as seldom worn.

'If such is the appearance of one of the best of our countrywomen, you may easily conceive the change which negligence and poverty gradually produce. No linen at all is worn by the poor creature; her bright red petticoat becomes dingy and ragged; her gown hangs in strips; the neckerchief, if she have one, is so dirty that its colours are undistinguishable; and the cap bears no appearance of ever having been bleached. In vain you look for the gude gray cloak—across her shoulders is thrown a square wrapper of flannel or cotton, or perhaps an old cotton gown, borrowed for the occasion, and forming a drapery peculiar, I fancy, to this country, but neither becoming nor picturesque; or if the weather be rather cold, the dirty blanket is taken from the bed, and drawn closely round both her head and shoulders.'

There are many characteristic anecdotes scattered through this volume, strikingly illustrative of every feature in the Irish character. On one occasion, being in company with some young female peasants, one of whom was going to be married soon, our author said, 'A good husband is a great blessing.' Nothing could be more commonplace. How different the reply of a girl present: 'It is a blessing,' said she, 'if it please God to find a shelter from every man.'

Our author seems to think the Catholic priests have not such great influence as has been generally supposed; we confess, however, that no evidence is adduced to lessen the supposition in our opinion. It is evident, however, that the maintenance of the priests is a heavy and involuntary tax:—

'The truth, then, is, that in this respect the Roman Catholic priesthood are no further dependent on the private character which they may bear, than the clergy of the established church; and though you will not fancy me illiberal enough to believe that there are not zealous and benevolent members to be found in their body, yet, within my limited circle, I have met with more of that selfish worldly-minded class, who but too often disgrace our own establishment. Nor would it, I believe, be going too far to say, that the influence of private character is as much felt by the one, in the collection of these supposed voluntary offerings, as by the other, in the legal receipt of tithes; and I have heard our poor neighbours compare the disposition of their present priest with that of his predecessor, much in the same way that they are accustomed to speak of the Protestant incumbent. "Oh! sure it wasn't that way with Father Tom at all: it isn't he that would be taking the bit out of the poor *wid-dee* and orphan's mouth; but Father Dennis says, that where he comes from, the *wid-dees* were always the best rent; and he's a good warrant sure to take it from them. Didn't I go supperless the last time I carried him a tenpenny? so because I had got the money with me, I felt quite bold like; and, 'Father Dennis,' says I, 'you'd be having some pity of the poor cratur, who has six weak childer, and no father to help them with his little earnings:' with that he just beckons me to hand him the money." As the woman concluded with the account of her reluctant compliance, her countenance assumed very much the same expression which it would have done, under similar circumstances, with a tithe proctor.

'Nor are these regular demands their only, or even their worst grievance. They consider as a heavy additional tax the necessity of providing luxuries, which they never taste themselves, in order to regale his reverence, when he performs mass, or any other ceremony, in a private house. Perhaps you are not aware, that the rites of the Roman Catholic church, in Ireland at least, are all performed at home; except, indeed, the marriage ceremony, which occasionally takes place in the priest's house. Twice a year he comes round the parish, for the purpose of confession; and, in the different villages, takes up his station in some snug cabin, where he expects to be treated with white bread, tea, sugar, and whiskey. Those who, in more prosperous times, probably esteemed the entertainment of this reverend guest as an honour, now frequently complain of it as a burden. A poor woman who, on the last of these occasions, walked four miles in search of a teapot, gave as her reason, that neither bread, butter, nor milk, would be considered acceptable, without the addition of tea and spirits. Nay, it is a fact, that a priest, on the Sunday previous to commencing his rounds, gave public notice after mass, that as tea, sugar, and flour were to be had in the neighbourhood, there would be no excuse for those who were not prepared.'

We have already alluded to Irish bigotry and superstition, and numerous are the in-

stances of it adduced in this volume. The peasants, for instance, often keep a bottle of holy water to be used as a remedy in all cases of sickness, and which they believe is wonderfully efficacious:—

'The priest is often called in to perform a sort of exorcism on those whose disorders are supposed to arise from spiritual agency; and, with respect to such possession, our people entertain very wild and wonderful notions.—They have an idea of seeing what they call their "fetch," some aerial being or other, who appears to give them warning of their approaching death. Such an apparition, you may readily conceive, often precedes an attack of illness, of which, however, it may happily prove to have been the worst symptom. I remember hearing a story of the kind from a poor man, whose son, while working in the field, "conceited" that he beheld some indescribable being, who called to him, and, taking up a little stone, threw it at his head. The boy set off instantly, ran home without stopping, and "took sick from that hour." Whatever was the cause of the boy's complaint, I had the satisfaction of knowing that a simple dose of medicine had effected his cure.

'One of the most deplorable of these superstitious fancies is their credulity with respect to the "Gospels," as they are called, which they wear suspended round the neck as a charm against danger and disease. These are prepared by the priest, and sold by them at the price of two or three ten-pennies. It is considered sacrilege in the purchaser to part with them at any time; and it is moreover believed that the charm proves of no efficacy to any but the individual for whose particular benefit the priest has blessed it. One of them I have been shown as a rarity, which seldom, indeed, finds its way into heretical hands. I will describe, as minutely as possible, both its form and contents: it was a small cloth bag, marked on one side with the letters I. H. S., enclosing a written scrap of dirty paper, of which the following is an exact copy, orthographical errors not excepted:

'+ In the name of God Amen: When our Saviour saw the cross whereon he was To Be Crucified his body trembled and shook the Jews asked If he had the Faver or the ague he said that he had neither the faver or the ague. Whosoever shall keep these words in mind or in righting shall never have the faver or ague. Be the hearers Blessed. Be the Believers Blessed. Be the name of our Lord god Amen

CY. TOOLF.

'On the other side of the paper is written the Lord's Prayer in as curious a style of spelling; and after it a great number of initial letters, apparently all by the same hand, and probably essential to the charm. Instead of being edified, you are, I doubt not, as much grieved and disgusted with the description as I was with the actual appearance of this pious cheat. Yet, may we not hope that, by exposing such in the broad daylight of reason, we lend a helping hand towards their gradual extirpation? If the dread of ridicule has already driven them

into the remotest corners of the land, is it not to be hoped that better motives may, ere long, still more effectually destroy the influence of all such false and dangerous deceit?"

The age of miracles is in full vigour in Ireland, where the weakness of the devil and the victory of the priests have been lately commemorated in a tale, as absurd as the famed legend of St. Dunstan. We must give it:—

'Tom Rowland was returning with his cattle from market, disconsolate, as many an honest man has been, that he could find no purchaser. "I wish the devil would give me money, for there's no body else that will." *Parlez du diable, et voilà sa queue*, is an old proverb; but his highness has better manners in these days, and appears like a *jantleman*, handsome, and well dressed. To his question, "Do you want money?" Tom Rowland was not afraid to answer, "yes." "If you'll sell yourself to me, you shall have plenty;" he again assented. The devil gave £200, and asked Tom for a receipt, which must be signed with his own heart's blood. Tom stepped into a cabin, but, deeming a red lead pencil equally satisfactory, and not quite so dangerous as the signature required, he made use of one which chanced to be in his pocket. An Irish devil has, it seems, no share in the national acuteness, or he would not have been so easily duped. Tom Rowland went on his way, and, secure in his red lead pencil, ventured to join in the celebration of mass, to which he was invited some days afterwards in a neighbour's house. The devil, however, regarding this as an infringement on the bond, tapped at the cabin door, and inquired for Tom Rowland. Tom, suspecting his "genteel" friend, refused to obey the summons; but the devil, eager to secure what he deemed a lawful prize, sprang in among them, and knocked him down. The priest, who came to the rescue, was not a match for his highness; other priests were sent for, but they could only drive the enemy to change his quarters, without being able to force him to dislodge. From Tom Rowland he escaped into a large kettle; and thence again up the chimney. The power of the priest was here baffled; they sent for one of their brethren from Westport: and a sacred wand, of which he was happily possessed, compelled the obedience of the evil spirit. He was driven from the house, and Tom remains free, with the honour of having outwitted the devil.'

Intending to resume this work, we shall for the present, conclude with a curious anecdote:—

'During a lonely walk last summer, I met with a *tenant's* wife, who warned me of the danger which she thought I was likely to encounter from some wild cattle on my return home. This led to a conversation, in the course of which the subject of going to heaven was mentioned. She seemed to reckon confidently upon my being of the happy number who would gain admittance. I expressed the hope of finding many of my poor neighbours there. "Och, sure, it's not for the likes of us, poor dirty cratures, to be going to such a fine place!" I reminded her

that our ble
on purity of
pearance; l
rent security
lity respecti
I could but
I might slip

The Buccan
MALCOLM
12mo. PP

MR. MALCO
42d regimen
well as he u
of a commis
for his poem
jects, displa
The principa
of two canto
Gow; and a
rhymes, yet
sages, and a
the blush (o
pular poets
however, to
we shall ma
the Buccane
'Nay, bless
sweet,
Of which, if
On earth wh
A beacon sh
A cooling fo
A green spot
A rose that c
A sunbeam

There is n
who will no
of these sim
rous to illu
weary the re
tion. The r
varied chara
sity of subje
the last will
but we shall
claims on th

'He who ha
As fleet an
breeze,
Knows how
The shorele
way.
But who sha
high,
Of him who
Who to the
Rides on the
And holds,
his way
Free as a spi
'Twas so from
Of crowds, v
shore
Of this fair v
The last fain
As slow they
Dim waxed
was nea
Still shooting
Far, far belo
But higher r
The clouds b

that our blessed Saviour's distinction rested on purity of heart, not on any outward appearance; but she still persisted, in apparent security of my salvation, and incredulity respecting her own. "May be now, if I could but get hold of your honour's gown, I might slip in *wid yees!*"

The Buccaneer, and other Poems. By JOHN MALCOLM, late of the 42d Regiment. 12mo. pp. 202. London, 1824.

MR. MALCOLM was lately an officer in the 42d regiment; and if he used his sword as well as he uses his pen, he was well worthy of a commission in that distinguished corps; for his poems, which are on a variety of subjects, display no ordinary portion of genius. The principal poem, the *Buccaneer*, consists of two cantos, the hero of which is the pirate Gow; and although there are a few doubtful rhymes, yet it contains many beautiful passages, and an originality which would put to the blush (or at least ought to do) many popular poets of the present day. Preferring, however, to give one or two entire pieces, we shall make but a very brief extract, from the *Buccaneer*, descriptive of hope:—

'Nay, blessed the hope so soothing and so sweet,
Of which, if false, we shall not feel the cheat.
On earth what may its beauteous emblem be,—
A beacon shining o'er a stormy sea;—
A cooling fountain in a weary land;—
A green spot on a waste and burning sand;—
A rose that o'er a ruin sheds its bloom;—
A sunbeam smiling o'er the cold dark tomb!'

There is not, we believe, one of our readers who will not admit the beauty and the justice of these similes, which are sufficiently numerous to illustrate the subject, and yet do not weary the reader by a superfluity of illustration. The miscellaneous pieces are of a very varied character, and embrace a great diversity of subject. Two of these we shall select; the last will at least be deemed seasonable, but we shall be disappointed if it has not other claims on the attention of our readers:—

THE AERONAUT.

'He who hath sailed upon the pathless seas,
As fleet and free as sweeps the wandering breeze,
Knows how the soul expands, as we survey
The shoreless waste—the dread unmeasured way.
But who shall speak the exulting thoughts, and high,
Of him who soars into the vaulted sky,
Who to the thunder's secret place doth sail,
Rides on the cloud, and travels on the gale,
And holds, through homeless wilds of space,
his way,
Free as a spirit loosened from its clay?
'Twas so from earth I bounded, 'midst the roar
Of crowds, who cheered my launching from the shore
Of this fair world; but as they waved farewell,
The last faint sounds came o'er me like a knell:
As slow they died upon the distant ear,
Dim waxed the world—the darksome cloud
was near.
Still shooting upwards to a fearful height,
Far, far below I marked the eagle's flight:
But higher rising on the freshening breeze,
The clouds beneath me rolled like sombre seas.

On, on I sped upon my course sublime,
Nor for a moment thought of earth or time,
Till Night's dull curtain o'er the heavens was hung,

And through the skies the hollow tempest sung;
Then down the black profound I speeded fast
To gain the earth; but, ah! the hour was past.
Low, as I sunk, I heard the billows roll,
The roar of waters smote my shuddering soul;
All faint with terror, I began to feel
My heart grow sick—my troubled brain to reel.
Yet in that hour the sense was left me still
To hurl each weight from out my vehicle,
Which vaulted upwards from the abyss once more,

Though not so high but I could hear its roar;
Wild as the hungry howl—the cry for blood,
Which wakes each night the desert solitude.

'Careering still upon the tempest dire,
I flew through darkness, thunder-cloud, and fire;

The lightnings blazed around my lonely head,
While startled night in sullen darkness fled.
And to myself I seemed, like phantom thing,
Sweeping away upon the whirlwind's wing,
Like spirit of the gloom, whose flying form
Adds tenfold terror to the ruthless storm.

'At last upon the ocean, faint and far,
A lone light glimmered like a setting star:
Oh! how I gazed upon the distant bark,
Whose ray had made my night so doubly dark,
Which showed a place of safety on the main,
But also showed for me 'twas there in vain!
On, on I flew before the sweeping blast,
And soon the solitary light I past.
Far to the windward set the ocean-beam,
But straight before another shed its gleam;
Right on I sped, and as I neared the light,
Down to the yawning floods I urged my flight,
And slowly fell beneath the vessel's lea,
Where round her bulwarks raved the frenzied sea;

The piercing shriek of agony I gave
Was heard above the roar of wind and wave;
A rope was cast, I seized it as it fell,
And thus was saved, the wondrous tale to tell.'

STANZAS WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF A YEAR.

'And it hath gone into the grave of time—
The past—the mighty sepulchre of all!
That solemn sound—the midnight's mournful chime,
Was its deep dead-bell—but, within the hall
The old and young hold gladsome festival.—
What hath it left them thus to cause such joy?—

Gray hairs to some—and hearts less green to all,
And fewer steps to where their fathers lie
Low in the church-yard cell—cold—dark—and silently!

Strange time for mirth!—when round the leafless tree

The wild winds of the winter moan and sigh,
And while the twilight saddens o'er the lea,
Mute every woodland's evening melody—
Mute the wide landscape—save where, hurrying by,

Roars the dark torrent on its headlong flight,
Or, slowly sailing through the blackening sky,
Hoots unto solitude, the bird of night,
Seeking the domeless wall—the turret's hoary height.

'And yet with Nature, sooth, we need not grieve;

She does not heed the woes of human kind;
No: for the tempests howl, the waters heave
Their hoary hills unto the raging wind,
And the poor bark no resting-place can find;

And friends on shore shall weep—and weep in vain,

For, to the ruthless elements consigned,
The seaman's corpse is drifting through the main,

Ne'er to be seen by them, nor heard of e'er again!

'Now o'er the skies the orbs of light are spread,
And through yon shoreless sea they wander on;—

Where is the place of your abode, ye dead?
To what far regions have your spirits gone?
But ye are silent—silent as the stone
That gathers moss above your bed of rest,
And from the land of souls returneth none
To tell us of the place to which we haste;
But time will tell us all—and time will tell us best.

'How still—how soft—and yet how dread is all
The scene around!—the silent earth and air!
What glorious lamps are hung in Night's high hall!

Her dome—so vast, magnificent, and fair!
Oh! for an angel's wing to waft me there!
How sweet, methinks, e'en for one little day,
To leave this cold dull sphere of cloud and care,

And, 'midst the immortal bowers above, to stray
In lands of light and love—unblighted by decay!

'Surely there is a language in the sky—
A voice that speaketh of a world to come;
It swells from out thy depths, Immensity,
And tells us this is not our final home!
As the toss'd bark, amidst the ocean's foam,
Hails, through the gloom, the beacon o'er the wave;

So from life's troubled sea, o'er which we roam,
The stars, like beacon-lights, beyond the grave,
Shine through the deep, o'er which our barks
we hope to save!

'Now gleams the moon on Arthur's mighty crest,
That dweller of the air—abrupt and lone:
Hushed is the city in her nightly rest;
But hark!—there comes a sweet and solemn tone,
The lingering strains, that swelled in ages gone,
The music of the wake—oh! many an ear,
Raised from the pillow gentle sleep hath flown,
Lists with delight, while blend the smile and tear,
As recollections rise of many a vanished year.

'It speaks of former scenes—of days gone by—
Of early friendships—of the loved and lost—
And wakes such music in the heart, as sigh
Of evening woos from harp-strings gently cross'd;
And thoughts and feelings crowd—a varied host,
O'er the lone bosom from their slumbers deep,
Unfelt amidst its winter's gathering frost,
Till the soft spell of music o'er it creep,
And thaw the ice away, and bid the dreamer weep!'

It will be seen that Mr. Malcolm's is a plaintive muse; and certainly an author is entitled to choose his own strain, particularly if he writes well. That our author does so, we have no hesitation in affirming; and rarely, indeed, have we seen a volume of poems containing so much merit, and yet so modestly ushered into the world, as those of Mr. Malcolm.

Fosbroke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities.

WE have so frequently called the attention of our readers to this valuable work, that we might now content ourselves with merely saying, that it is concluded by the publication of the 24th part, which contains a portrait and autobiography of the author. The vast body of information which it contains, now first collected, renders it a very valuable work of reference. It shows more clearly, perhaps, than any preceding publication, the customs and manners of the ancients, and the progress of society, by its arts and institutions. It has been said, and not inapily, by a living author, that the Romans conquered only to civilize; and the work of Mr. Fosbroke shows to what an extent the civilization effected by the Roman conquests has diffused itself over modern Europe; the inhabitants being in the main Romans, under a different garb and language. Once more, then, giving Mr. Fosbroke's *Encyclopædia of Antiquities* our warmest commendation, we conclude with an extract on costume:—

'The primitive British female passed her time in basket-weaving, or in sewing together, with leathern thongs or vegetable fibres, the skins of such animals as had fallen into her husband's power, employing, for this purpose, needles made of bone, exactly similar to those used for the heads of arrows. She was clad in preference in the skins, if to be procured, of the brindled ox, pinned together with thorns, ornamented with a necklace formed of jet or other beads, and with the wild flowers entwined within her long and twisted locks. The man was attired in the skin of the brindled or spotted cow, called, in his native tongue, *brych*, and by the Irish *breach*. Instead of this, some of the Britons wore the *igyn*, which was the name for the skin of any wild beast, but more particularly the bear (formerly an inhabitant of Britain), while others assumed the mantell or sheep-skin cloak, according as they were herdsmen, hunters, or shepherds. In later times, the mantell, from being shorter, was worn only on horseback, and was then termed *mantell weyddlonig*, the Irish mantle, or *mantell gedennarg*, the shaggy cloak.

'The clothing art in wool and flax was long known to the Irish, and the names of the materials, machinery, &c., are similar in the Irish, the Chaldee, the Hebrew, and the Arabic languages. The Phenicians, perhaps, communicated the art to the Cornish, and the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles; the other parts of Britain probably to the Gauls. Of the several kinds of cloth manufactured by the latter, one, according to Strabo, was made of a coarse harsh kind of wool, which, being woven very thick, was rendered extremely warm, and, consequently, was the fabric of which the winter cloaks were manufactured. Another kind was made of fine wool, and dyed several colours; and being spun into yarn, was woven chequerwise, which made it form small squares, some of one colour and some of another. Hence the Tartan fashion. Felting wool, dying from vegetables, vestments of skins, i. e. of leather only, cloth made of hair, linen, and hemp, also occur.

'“ They also knew the art of washing and bleaching linen, and Pliny tells us, that they put certain herbs, particularly the roots of wild poppies, into the water to make it more efficacious in bleaching. For the purpose of washing, they made soap of the fat of animals, and the ashes of vegetables, the modern pot-ash, the invention of which the same author attributes to the Gauls.”

'“ The yarn, as before observed, having been dyed in imitation of the brindled ox's skin, the cloth manufactured from it in stripes and chequers, was called the *breach*, as well as *breccan* by the Irish, whence the *bracca* of the Roman writers. The quality of this manufacture, and the dazzling effects of a variety of colours, rendered it so much esteemed by the chieftains, that it was not long confined to one garment.

'“ Before the Romans entered Britain,” says Diodorus Siculus, “the habits of its chiefs consisted of a *pais*, or close coat or covering for the body, deriving the name from *py*, inward, and *ais* the ribs; and which, under the denomination *cota* (*unde coat*), formed part of the Irish dress. This is what Dio. calls *χιτων*, a *tunic*, and describes it as being of divers colours (*παμποικιλος*) or chequered with divers colours in divisions. It was open before like a shirt, in order to enable the wearer to put it on, and had sleeves, which were close yet long; and, reaching to the wrist, it extended itself to the middle. Below this began the *lluedyr*, or pantaloons, which wrapped closely round the thighs and legs, terminating at the ankles. These were also plaided, and called by the Irish *brigis*, and by the Romans *bracca*, whence the word breeches. Over the *pais* was thrown the mantle or cloak, called by the Romans *sagum*, from the Celtic word *saie*, which, according to Varro, signified a skin or hide, and the truth of his testimony is borne out by the Irish *seiche*.”

'“ On the feet were, either the *esgidiau*, shoes so called from *esci*, protecting from hurt, similar to the brogues of the Irish, which were made of raw cow-hide, and had the hair turned outwards, and coming up to the ankles, or the *buntais* or *butis*, the modern buskin.”

'The head was covered with a conical cap, “long retained by the Irish under the denomination *biorraid*, and was the prototype of their helmets; but the Britons seem to have made an improvement on it, by lowering the top, and making a projecting poke over the forehead, to protect the eyes; and this they termed *pengwrych*, which, in process of time, was deserted by the men, and worn only by the women. The men next adopted the *hatyr*, *ata*, or *hat*, of which many with convex crowns appear on the British coins, and a Gaulish female with a flattened one is given by Montfaucon. This kind of dress was, however, worn only by the chieftains of the British Isles, and ladies of rank. Their dependents were still clothed in skins or leather.”

'“ The Belgic Briton Dr. Meyrick arrays, according to the description of a Belgic Gaul, by Diodorus Siculus, in a sugar-loaf cap (*cappan cyrnhill*), a *torque*, or collar of

honour, a *saie* or *sagum*, like a cloak, buckled on one shoulder, in the Greek and Roman fashion, a girdle, to which is appendant in front a sword, a *pais* or *tunic*, like a shirt, down to the middle of the thighs, with an ornamented border, pantaloons, and brogues, fastened on the instep.”

'The inhabitants of Cornwall and the Scilly Isles, according to Strabo, were habited in long black garments, like *tunics*, and wore mustachios hanging down upon their breasts, like wings; and, when walking abroad, they held large staves in their hands, which made them resemble furies in a tragedy.

'The mounted warrior wears a jacket, laced or furred, woolly pantaloons, and a brogue, and carries a club in his hand.

'On a stone found at Ludgate, London, in 1689, and now preserved among the Arundelian Marbles, is the figure of a Romanized Briton. He has a sleeved *tunic* down to the knees, and over it a plaid; the feet and head are bare: in one hand he holds the *clddyv-deuddwn*, or two-handed sword.

'The Gaulish, and of course British males of rank, wore a golden (yellow or embroidered) vest (*aurea vestis*, Virg.), striped cloaks (*virgatis lucent stragulis*, Virg.), and *torques* (*colla auro imectuntur*, Virg.).

'The Roman-British females, on coins of Britannia, appear in sleeved *tunics*, one or more drawn in below the breasts, with or without a mantle or cloak thrown over the shoulders. In short, they resemble modern women, either in what is called a round gown, or bed-gown and petticoat, though the latter, as distinct from a body and sleeves, is not considered to be ancient. This costume of the bed-gown and *tunic*, also appears on the reverse of a coin of Carausius, a bas-relief in Horsley, and is still worn by the Welsh peasantry. The petticoat part of the *tunic* of Boadicea was striped. Sometimes it reached only to the knees.

'The *fillibeg* Dr. Meyrick will not admit to be of Celtic origin, but of Roman introduction. However, as the Irish, who had no connection with the Romans, did not, according to Froissart, wear breeches in the fourteenth century, I doubt the opinion. Among the Gaulish monuments given by Montfaucon, Auberi, &c., we find both men and women distinguished by mystical borders, as *vandykes*, &c. Dr. Meyrick has given the figure of a Druid, splendidly attired with a golden *tiara*, and the *jodham morain* or *pectoral*, of crescent form, &c.; but, as it is not an original monument, I prefer the bas-reliefs given in the head-piece of chapter xv., p. 662. In short, the costumes of all the ancient nations lie in a small compass,—in *tunics*, with *togas*, or similar external coverings, preserved in the Highland plaids, or cloaks, or mantles, *fillibegs*, breeches, pantaloons, or trousers (the latter belonging to barbarians), and no stockings. One peculiarity, it is asserted, appertained to this island: the British ecclesiastics are said to have invented a new tonsure, formed by merely shaving the head down to a level with the ears, and letting the rest of the hair grow.'

*A Voice for
formers*
8vo. PP

THAT a fre
branches o
that it is
land is in
piness, an
many of t
Continents
convinced
the presen
our orient
be calcula
er, if perm
oretical p
and the q
ability in
and by th
pro and
and yet th
tion being
nuous, an
cates for
ingham,
newspape
by the au
sonal inc
favourabl
ders of I
ticed the
opposed
populatio
ners and
British p
ject very
what ear
graph in

'Man
the Indi
various h
rule, ma
tised in
of Britis
litary ins
dation;
the delin
been aff
persons
quire to
any of
injustice
vernmen
they bla
stance c
long-wi
disquisi
want th
place, an
in a nut
when I
when a
possible
often u
self.

'We
appoint
tacks o
of the
lumnies
most m
the nat

A Voice from India, in Answer to the Reformers of England. By JOHN B. SEELY. 8vo. pp. 239. London, 1824.

THAT a free press is one of the most essential branches of public liberty cannot be denied; that it is to this, in a great measure, that England is indebted for her greatness and happiness, and that to the want of a free press many of the evils of misgovernment on the Continent are to be attributed, we are well convinced; but still cannot concede, that, in the present situation and circumstances of our oriental possessions, a free press would be calculated to extend or maintain our power, if permitted, in India. Many of our theoretical politicians are of a different opinion, and the question has been argued with great ability in Parliament, at the India House, and by the press. Not a single argument, pro and con. seems to have been omitted, and yet there is no probability of the question being set at rest. Among the most strenuous, and we may say the most able, advocates for a free press in India, is Mr. Buckingham, the traveller, who commenced a newspaper at Calcutta, which was put down by the authorities, to his great loss and personal inconvenience. Capt. Seely, who is favourably known to the public by his *Wonders of Elora*, in which he incidentally noticed the subject of a free press, is decidedly opposed to it, as uncalled-for by the mixed population of India, unsuited to their manners and education, and dangerous to the British power. The captain argues the subject very calmly and dispassionately, and with what earnestness, let the concluding paragraph in the following extract bear witness:—

‘Many charges have been brought against the Indian and home administration, under various heads, as tyranny, oppressions, misrule, malversation, extortion, &c. &c. practised in the maritime and distant provinces of British India. I challenge a single or solitary instance to be produced, where degradation and punishment have not followed the delinquent, and every possible reparation been afforded to the country, community, or persons who may have suffered. What I require to be shown is, an unpunished act of any of the local officers, or a wanton act of injustice or illiberality inflicted by the government itself on any of its subjects, be they black or white. I deny that one instance can be produced. I do not wish any long-winded wire-drawn stories, or political disquisitions finer than a “spider’s web:” I want the plain matter of fact, with *time, place, and person*, so that it may be enclosed in a nut-shell. It always puts me in a fever when I see a terribly long letter or argument, when a dozen words would answer every possible purpose. It must be dull, it is often unintelligible, and generally defeats itself.

‘We will now resume the topic about disappointed persons publishing anonymous attacks on the chief civil and military officers of the provinces: the effects of these calumnies and over-charged statements had a most mischievous tendency on the minds of the natives, who read them with avidity, and

implicitly believed them; it was with those persons that the baneful influence was fully felt. The revenue, judicial and military officers felt themselves hampered and annoyed by the very persons to whom they looked for assistance and respect; and, living under certain laws and restrictions, the native, in being thus deceived, and having his mind excited into a belief of the mismanagement and ill state of the province, if these improper writings and reports did not at once produce anarchy and confusion, they certainly nourished discontent and ill blood.

‘This must be quite evident to persons who will take the trouble to think, and have the goodness to recollect that the population is restless, very numerous, and very ambitious, and that they are kept in check only by the native Siphauze: men of the same colour, born in the same village, and professing the same religion and customs; and further, let it not be forgotten, that in the province where probably the population is forty thousand, there are not twenty European officers to regulate public feeling, and to awe popular commotion or quell revolt.

‘Is it not clear, that in such a state of things freedom of discussion cannot possibly exist? Every attack on the public authorities must be productive of evil; and as it spreads and increases, it must produce revolution and ruin. I declare solemnly I speak in the sincerity of my heart; and am almost convinced that the sensible and impartial part of the British people and British press will allow the justness of my observations, and accord in my view of this great and important question. Important it is, for on it hinges, not merely the tranquillity of India, but also whether it is to remain in our possession or not. In fine, so convinced am I of the correctness of my ideas on the subject, that I would cheerfully, on my bended knees at the altar, take the sacrament, and subscribe to the most solemn oath that could be devised, that “I believe a ‘free press in India’ would be the cause of civil war, revolution, and our final expulsion from the continent of Asia.”’

Our opinion as to a free press in India is known to our readers, and such of them as wish to see a fair discussion of the subject, we refer to Capt. Seely’s work. The author, from his long residence and close observation, is evidently well acquainted with the Indian character, and, we think, very clearly establishes the point at which he aims, namely, that a free press and our authority in Hindostan are incompatible:—‘True, ‘tis pity; pity ‘tis, ‘tis true.’

English Life; or Manners at Home. In Four Pictures. 2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 565. London, 1824.

THOUGH living in the world, it is not every one that is attentive to the scenes passing around him. Were any person to do so, and work them up into a narrative, they would frequently be as extraordinary, and as interesting, as any romance that fiction could possibly invent. How often would our police-offices supply comic scenes, and what tales of woe and distress might not

be collected in some of the wretched tenements even in the very heart of the metropolis. What horror could a Radcliffe or a Monk Lewis possibly conceive greater than the murder of Weare was calculated to excite; and yet these, unhappily the too common occurrences of life, are borne down the stream of time, leaving less trace on our memories than the imaginary events of a novel we have read.

English Life, or Manners at Home, consists of four domestic tales, extremely well told and interesting; they are, though no doubt fictitious, a mirror of real life, which they reflect with sterling fidelity; the characters and incidents, though not very striking, are sufficiently interesting to lead the reader patiently through each tale, and he will reach the end without regret: they are also of a very strong moral character, and some of the reflections are as just as the sketches of character are felicitous. We shall not attempt to analyse any one tale, but shall select a sketch which is complete in itself—a vision of the greatness and glories of ancient Rome, entitled

‘*A Day Dream*.—It was one of those glorious nights which make us suffer the departure of the loveliest day without regret. A deep and bright blue sky, in the zenith of which the moon was riding, formed an arch over the Italian world;—I sat on the steps of the Capitol, looking down from the Tarpeian, and surveying with a restless eye relics of the proudest days of the empress of the world,—all rising successively as living pictures to the view,—as one by one my eye rested on them in its progress, and traced their softened outline as they were bathed in the moonlight, like the beauties of fairest forms viewed through the transparent wave.

‘In such a scene, to indulge in dreamy reminiscences of all that is great and glorious is natural to the mind.—To evoke spirit after spirit that formerly animated the forms of the Scipios, the Gracchi, and the Bruti, is the employment of the imagination, which will not be contented with less noble companionship. Delightful as it is to revel amidst the floating visions of memory, the heart desires more minute acquaintance with the brilliant forms of past things. Such was the wish I was indulging, when a beam of the palest light enveloped me, communicating a sensation of coldness, such as the moon’s rays impart. The light passed from around me, and seemed to gather itself to the form and lineament of manhood. I shuddered as it became thus gradually embodied, but my fascinated eyes had not the power of withdrawing themselves. I viewed the progress of the wonderful work with breathless attention, until a being even like myself in form and gesture glittered before me in a paleness of which earth has no prototype, and which the boldest pen may not attempt to describe. What delicate lines of feature and formation! What terrible absence of all expression! What an illustration of calmness without composure! What complete breathlessness!—how motionless!—how passionless! What deep

and bright blackness of eye, fearfully contrasted with the most brilliant white! What a colourless robe enveloped him! If any man has ever been in a similar situation, he and he only can comprehend the rush of feelings which chained me to my seat, and at once excited the desire of departing, and deprived me of the power.

“He never gazed on me; his eyes were always on the scene before him. I felt as if I were invisible to him. This conviction was speedily dissipated, for, in a voice like the breathing sounds of the Æolian flute, he thus addressed me:—

“On earth I was a Roman of the equestrian order, and I lived during the reign of Augustus, and the epoch of the arts.”

“Enthusiasm restored the functions of speech—“Oh that he would call up before me the visions of days that are no more known on earth,” said I; “Oh that I might enjoy the knowledge of those minute traits of character and manner, which only he who has dwelt amongst them can impart!”

“The gracious shade turned towards me:—to endure a glance which was at once piercing and yet so fixed as to give an idea of its having no power of vision, was an effort beyond humanity. My eyelids lowered, and I trembled. He resumed his former position, and said:—

“Of all the faculties which we possessed on earth, there is none which we retain in greater perfection than that of memory. It increases the torment of the bad, and heightens the bliss of the good;—it deepens the shadow of Erebus, and it brightens the golden atmosphere of Elysium. Thus you perceive the perceptions of spirit, when released from its prison-house of flesh, change their degree only, not their principle. Memory operates upon us as upon you, but more intensely. To convey to you the impression made on me by surrounding objects would be impracticable. You are still under the influence of that beautiful illusion with which the corporal organs invest every thing that affects them. The eye bestows all the graces of form—of colour—of passion—which it admires: the disembodied spirit sees things by a different medium; the brilliancy of deception is passed away, and the sternness of intellectual perception pervades all actual objects that reflect their shadows upon such an essence. Our ideas of things not being received by a sensible medium, originate in the shadows which they throw upon the essence that constitutes our being. But we still retain the memory of the glories that once brightened upon us, and there occur to us scenes so accurately represented, that the pleasure we derive from recollected ideas is probably, in the aggregate, stronger than any which the actual transition of the events bestowed upon us.

“Yes,” he continued, his fixed eye casting its cold and frozen beams on the Amphitheatre, “scenes such as filled yon walls have been frequented by me in imperial Rome with many pleasureable feelings, in days of its glory, which shall return no more to me, or to those who sparkled amongst its spec-

tators. There was a galaxy of stars glittering within its hemisphere, the wake of whose glory has extended to your age, and shall extend until your planet is totally eclipsed. Augustus, Mæcenas, Horace, Virgil, can time obliterate such names? Such thoughts of far-gone splendour must animate all that have not attained the composed calmness of a shade. It is feelings such as these that we recall with most dear delight, and which cling to us far beyond any other traces of mortality.

“In the Podium sat Augustus in the elevated pavilion of the Suggestum. I had great curiosity in examining very minutely those glorious eyes which he affected to derive from Apollo; that attractive countenance which, as similarly happened to Hannibal, saved his life from the hands of a Gallic chief in his passage over the Alps. There was a quick and penetrating expression of countenance, which was somewhat at variance with his general equanimity of character. In the lively and acute looks which he sometimes threw around him, who could recognise the cool and calculating politician that had obtained absolute power, rather by the sagacity of his counsels than the heroism of his arms? His auburn hair curled naturally, and gave a youthful beauty to his head and a grace to his expression, which was by no means inadequately sustained by his aquiline nose. I was a Roman and descended from the foremost of the republican commonwealth; but I recall, even in the shades, my admiration of the appearance of the master of Rome. My eyes, however, were incessantly raised to meet his;—I was too conscious of my birthright claims to flatter imperial vanity by affecting to be dazzled by the lightning of a glance merely human.

“At the particular occasion of the spectacle to which I immediately refer, there were present Livia, the wife of Augustus, and Julia, his daughter, in the highest seats of the Amphitheatre. Livia was an especial object of my attention on account of the extraordinary empire which she had acquired over her husband. His tenderness and his confidence in her were incessant. I remember how her answer to the question, ‘by what means she preserved her ascendancy?’ floated through the circles of Rome. She said, ‘by unsuspected virtue and unlimited submission; by never interfering with state intrigues, and by never seeing his gallantries with other women!’ What a pattern for wives!

“What a contrast was visible on this occasion between the wife and the daughter of the first man in the universe! The former was surrounded by mature and dignified personages; the latter was in the midst of a group of gay and youthful voluptuaries, whose dispositions accorded too well with her own. Now the glances of the emperor travelled from one to the other. Unable at length to control his sentiments, he sent a billet to his daughter, desiring her to remark how infinitely she lost by comparison with her mother-in-law. Julia returned the note, having written underneath, ‘my companions will be mature, when I shall have attained

maturity!’ The emperor recovered from his anger only by entering into discourse with his adopted son, Agrippa—the man who, in the midst of the splendour of this adoption, was weak enough to be ashamed of his ignoble birth, and, contrary to custom, omitted his family name of Vipsanius, rendering himself liable to every sarcasm of malice. I was present when his adversary in the justiciary court called him, ‘Marcus Agrippa,’ with a name in the middle.

“I was speaking of Julia. Such was the supposed Corinna of Ovid, the poet of love. He sat in the covered seats appropriated to the equestrians, first behind the Podium; but the furtive glances of his eye were ever and anon directed towards the seat of the daughter of the emperor, with all the youthful fire of love.”—“Then,” said I, eagerly interrupting my ghostly companion, in the hope of solving one of the most obscure questions of antiquity, “it was really the passion of Ovid for Julia that occasioned his exile?”

“We are forbidden,” replied he, “to answer any questions which lead to the satisfaction of a vain curiosity, or to depreciate the value of the spirit of inquiry amongst mankind. Whilst there are men of various habits and inclinations, there will be difference of opinion. Suppose the possibility of perfect unanimity of sentiment, and records which are at present most interesting would sink into oblivion. The spirit of man delights in searching for light in the midst of darkness.

“There are many shades in Elysium who, on earth, advocated the gladiatorial shows; such spectacles, however, are now recollected by them with horror and disgust. It was asserted, that such sports tended to animate the courage of the people; but it is certain that, at the period when those exhibitions were most frequent in Rome, the Romans were not a free people. Policy had a right to praise them, and was judicious in using them. It was well observed to Augustus, who complained that the people were entirely occupied by these matters: ‘So much the better; it is not desirable that they should have leisure to think of us.’

“Yes, there is the Arena, the frightful scene of so many combats, that have fixed the stigma of barbarity on my countrymen. The sand strewn on its surface was dyed with the blood of the victims to brutal dispositions. Amongst the barbarians exhibited on the occasion which I am at present laying before you, there was one who offered much food for observation to a poet. He was a Briton. His yellow hair—his florid complexion—his formation—were sufficiently indicative of his origin. He had fought bravely, but he had been overpowered, and—he was here! Attention was fixed upon him. Had he been a Roman, he would have been called a hero; he was a Briton, and he was deemed a fierce barbarian. He had been sent to Capua to be disciplined for the bloody exhibition; such were the manners of the time, such the practices which provoked an old commander to exclaim, ‘Oh, shame to Rome! wrestlers, hunters,

gladiators only are

“I saw
ance in t
gladiators
filled with
that seem
cate how
there was
midity, b
in his ow
children—
floating l
was impo
sion; the
of days g
soft lovin
haps the
they have
vages low
home alt
that co
Rome! I
midst of

“Th
early par
of the lic
peared a
bat with
men. I
ing scou
driven t
quired b
in comp
were onl
weary le
that! A
he migh
triumph
gallant
prostrate
his hous
his extre
affection
the fleet
looked
decide
he look
die, but
in a for
by the
was no
ed—his
pressed
the bar
next his
and the

“Th
fully.
when
in the l

The G
men
and
don
THE ‘
turgy,
‘all w
person
not be
will be
other

gladiators, all are disciplined; our soldiers only are not disciplined.

"I saw that Briton, on his first appearance in the Arena, when they paraded the gladiators round its circuit. His proud eye filled with a thousand memories of the past, that seemed, by adding to its fire, to indicate how dearly he would sell his life; yet there was an occasional softening, not of timidity, but of regret: perhaps he had a wife in his own remote island—perhaps he had children—and there was a vision of them floating before him at some moments. It was impossible to misunderstand the expression; there were surely in his soul thoughts of days gone by. Savages are capable of the soft lovingness of the most civilized: perhaps they have stronger passions, certainly they have more unchecked passions. Savages love their wives, their offspring, their home altars. For these they fight; and for that combat—that sacred combat—Oh, Rome! how were they slaughtered in the midst of thy haughty hills!

"The Briton escaped the horrors of the early part of the day. He avoided the fury of the lion let loose upon him, and he reappeared a few hours after to renew his combat with different antagonists—his fellow men. He entered with alacrity—the debasing scourge by which others were reluctantly driven to the horrible conflict, was not required by him. He was opposed to a man in complete armour, whilst his own arms were only a trident and a net. Oh, what a weary length of conflicting manhood was that! At its termination, it was just possible he might survive his loss of blood, when his triumphant adversary stood over him. The gallant spirit was extinguished—he lay there prostrate and subdued. His heart was with his household gods—he longed after them in his extremity—he longed for the kind look of affection that should smooth the passage of the fleeting soul; but it was not there. He looked round once upon those who were to decide his fate; for one moment, only one, he looked pleadingly. It was not hard to die, but it was hard to die thus ignominiously in a foreign land. The fatal signal was given by the inhuman audience; he knew there was no hope for him. His nostrils distended—his eye-brows knit—his lips were compressed. One bright flash of disdain smote the barbarous beings around him, and in the next his heart broke. The struggle was over, and the murdered slept in peace!"

"The moon at that instant set beautifully. A thick darkness came over me, when it dispersed; the stars were bright in the heavens, but the spirit was gone."

The Good Nurse; or, Hints on the Management of the Sick and Lying-in Chamber, and the Nursery. 12mo. pp. 252. London, 1824.

THE 'Good Nurse,' like a portion of our liturgy, is intended for the especial benefit of 'all women labouring with child, all sick persons, and young children.' That we do not belong to either the first or last class will be readily allowed, and, thank God, the other does not apply to us: therefore, as we

are not parties concerned, we might in this, as in other cases, be expected to speak quite impartially; but, although we bring forth every week, and have fostered many a child of the muses, yet what can we be expected to know of a 'lying-in chamber,' or a nursery,—why truly, nothing. In order, however, that we might be able to give a correct account of a volume of so interesting a nature, we have resorted to the opinion of one well versed in the subject. Molière read his plays to his housekeeper, before he gave them to the public, and by her grins and frowns he was enabled to form a pretty accurate opinion, if not of their merits, at least of their probable success. We, in humble imitation of so great an authority, have submitted the Good Nurse to a very worthy matron, on whose judgment we can confidently rely, and she says it contains so much common-sense information on the subject of the sick chamber and the nursery, that no one at all acquainted with the subject can for a moment doubt its correctness.

We think we hear some of our female readers say, 'La, why nothing is so easy as nursing,' and refer us to the print in Bowles's window in St. Paul's Church Yard, where a Welsh curate nurses one child, rocks another in the cradle, hears a third his lesson, studies his own sermon, and pares turnips at the same time. We would however submit that there are many every-day offices not done well, and that of attention to the sick and the faint is one. The duties, however, are very clearly pointed out in the volume before us, where the moral obligations of the parent are strongly inculcated. The author is evidently a lady of the most amiable character and tender feelings, and she dwells with due earnestness on the importance and the pleasures of mothers watching over their infant offspring themselves, instead of trusting them to servants. In short, this little unassuming volume cannot be too extensively read by persons who have a sick or young family, or who are in expectation of either. We give no extract, as the work is published at a price which places it within the reach of all readers.

The Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures asserted, and the Principles of their Composition investigated, with a View to the Refutation of all Objections to their Divinity. By the Rev. S. NOBLE. 8vo. pp. 711. London, 1824.

WE perfectly agree with Mr. Noble, that while fresh attacks upon the foundations of the Christian religion are continually made, it is necessary that fresh works should be composed in its defence, even although they add no more that is new to the vindication of revelation, than the renewed ranks of its assailants produce against it. We confess, however, we have some doubts whether the best way to defend Christianity is to write an octavo volume of seven hundred pages in its behalf; since, if many persons are not convinced more easily, they are not likely to be convinced at all: an author, like a counsel, is, no doubt, entitled to select his own mode of establishing his case, though

the former has certainly the stronger inducement to act cautiously, since, if he fails, he gets no fee, while the lawyer is paid beforehand.

It has always appeared to us, that the defenders of Christianity have taken for granted more than was necessary, and have assumed as preliminaries or bases for their arguments, what its opponents would not admit. Mr. Noble appears to be of the same opinion, and justly observes, that the ablest works of the most popular of the Christian advocates, 'are more adapted to silence, than satisfy even an ingenuous inquirer.' Christian advocates are also too fond of relying on miracles, as evidences of the truth of revelation, which, Mr. Noble hesitates not to affirm, can clearly be established without them. Indeed, he considers them as performed, 'at the commencement of Christianity, on account of its original connection with Judaism, because the Jewish dispensation was not finally terminated till the destruction of Jerusalem, which put a total end to the types and shadows of the ceremonial law; and because, in general, they were suited to the state of the human mind at that time.' He also considers that miracles ceased soon afterwards, because they were not suited to the nature of the Christian dispensation, nor to the state of the human mind, which was introduced with or produced by that dispensation.

Mr. Noble has essayed to vindicate Christianity, if not on more rational, at least on less objectionable grounds, and we think he has eminently succeeded. His work has arisen out of a series of six lectures, which he delivered, and they are now of course much enlarged: his style is simple, but forcible and argumentative; and if Christianity has had more able, it has, perhaps, rarely had a more rational advocate, or one more likely to convince the sceptic.

MADAME CAMPAN'S JOURNAL.

WE have no room this week for a review of the Journal of this lady, who was the companion and 'instructress of a nest of kings and queens,' as she truly observed; but we are sure that the following anecdotes, extracted from the work, will be read with interest:—

The Fall of Paris.—'Madame Campan related to me the following particulars:—"A few days after the battle of Paris, the Emperor Alexander came to visit Ecouen, and he did me the honour to breakfast with me. After showing him over the establishment, I conducted him to the park, the most elevated point of which overlooked the plain of Saint Denis. "Sire," said I, "from this point I saw the battle of Paris." "If," replied the Emperor, that battle had lasted two hours longer, we should not have had a single cartridge at our disposal. We feared that we had been betrayed; for, on arriving so precipitately before Paris, all our plans were laid, and we did not expect the firm resistance we experienced."

A Conspiracy.—'During the consulate, Napoleon, one day after dinner, stood leaning against the drawing-room chimney-piece, in

a very meditative attitude. A lady, one of his relatives, observing him, said: "You look like a conspirator." "True," he replied, "I am now conspiring against the monarchs of Europe."

Priestly Imposture.—"The Abbe B*** one day told Madame Campan, that, during his residence in Italy, he frequently saw in the public streets monks of various orders, mounted on chairs or planks of wood, preaching, or holding conferences. When these conferences took place in the churches, a Christ, as large as a child, whose head was made to move by means of a spring, was supported by one of the chorister boys, concealed within the pulpit. During these conferences, the priests addressed the Christ, and inquired whether he would permit or forgive such or such things; and by help of the spring, which was moved by the boy, the Christ bowed in token of assent, or shook his head by way of disapproval, just as the priest thought proper to determine."

Rich and Poor.—"In a conversation which Madame Campan had with Napoleon, he said: "It is not the poor, but the rich, who require to be looked after in a state. It is the higher ranks who demand attention. If they were not reined in, they would pull down the sovereign in no time. I hold them with a firm hand, and keep them at a due distance, for they are full of ambition. They are pleasant companions, but they have keen appetites. The poor must be protected, or they would be devoured. They have every advantage in society; their rank and wealth protect them but too well. The power of the throne is in the lower ranks, and all the dangers that threaten it proceed from the great."

Bane of Courtiers.—"If that great man," said Madame Campan, alluding to Napoleon, "had not been surrounded by base parasites, he might have been prevented from committing many faults. Courtiers are every where so afraid of losing their places, that they adhere to any thing that may please or flatter the sovereign. To this cause must be attributed all the political faults that are committed."

Madame de Staël.—"The talent of Madame de Staël," said Madame Campan, "gave her a masculine character. Napoleon feared her at home; but she did a great deal more mischief abroad. Under his own wing, he might have kept her in check; but, when vexed and irritated, she avenged herself with a bitterness that might be expected from a woman of superior talent, wounded to the quick. A woman who can write manifestos is worthy of consideration; indeed, policy renders it a duty to respect her."

Court Influence.—"At court," observed Madame Campan, "wit has more influence than reason. Do you know why?—Because wit is fed by pride, and reason by philosophy; and, as there is always more of pride than philosophy in courts, reason must relinquish the supremacy. This is the cause of all the follies that are committed in courts."

Character of Napoleon.—"Napoleon's genius," said Madame Campan, "elevated him; but his temper proved his ruin. A restless, ambitious, reserved, and hasty tem-

per, united with imperial power, was naturally calculated to give offence to those who approached him. Human vanity is a delicate string, which should be touched with the greatest caution. Napoleon conceived that his vast power exempted him from the forms which engage the love of subjects, and call forth sentiments of attachment. He seemed to think that he was sufficient to himself; and the many imperfections which he observed in mankind rendered him somewhat misanthropic. This disposition caused him to feel the ingratitude of many persons, because he mortified their vanity; and the vanity of the great, when it is once wounded, never forgives. He knew how to govern his subjects, and Europe, but he could never govern himself; so true it is, that all great men have a weak point. He was brave, generous, and magnanimous, and prized glory beyond all things; but, unfortunately, he could never conquer his passions. His luminous understanding had no influence on his temper. His genius gained him admirers; but his neglect of forms made him enemies."

"At the time when Napoleon was commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, his sisters and younger brother, together with the children of Josephine, were at school at St. Germain. During the summer, they occasionally paid a visit to Paris, accompanied by Madame Voisin. One evening, to finish their holiday, they proposed going to the theatre, and, being short of money, they were obliged to mount into the gallery."

Ministers.—"Ministers, when offended," said Madame Campan, "are like pretty women; they do not easily forgive. Their self-love is very susceptible. Their places are given to them only that they may discharge their functions reasonably and discreetly; but, unfortunately, they cannot shake off vulgar weaknesses."

Public Opinion.—"Napoleon observed, that if he could fairly fight public opinion, he should not fear it. But as it could not be beat down by his artillery, he found himself obliged to conciliate it by justice and equity, two powers by which it is always to be won. To pursue any other course, is to endanger wealth and distinction. It is impossible to imprison public opinion; restraint serves only to irritate it."

Nunneries.—"Madame Campan had heard from Napoleon, that when he founded the convent of the Sisters of la Charité, he was urgently solicited to permit perpetual vows. He, however, refused to do so, on the ground that tastes may change, and that he did not see the necessity of excluding from the world women who might some time or other return to it, and become useful members of society. "Nunneries," he added, "assail the very roots of population. It is impossible to calculate the loss which a nation sustains in having ten thousand women shut up in cloisters. War does but little mischief; for the number of males is at least one twenty-fifth greater than that of females. Women may, if they please, be allowed to make perpetual vows at fifty years of age; for then their task is fulfilled."

ORIGINAL.

MISS FOOTE AND HER PROFESSED LOVERS.

THE diversities of human life move before us like the shifting scenes of a theatre; and tragedy, comedy, and melo-drama, by turns engage our attention as spectators: happy are those who find themselves only such, for all actors in the drama which thus engages public attention may be generally pronounced objects of our pity. Lord Byron, Mr. Fauntleroy, Miss Foote, and her lovers, have been of late the persons most conspicuous in our public annals; and it is certain that every one of them would have declined this notoriety thankfully, had it been in their power, whatever might be the pride, vanity, or inherent love of fame, originally found in their characters.

From every observation we could ourselves form, and from various communications received from those who are personally acquainted with the unhappy subject of the last discussion (Miss Foote), she is singularly calculated by nature, as well as circumstances, to feel acutely the pain of being rendered, in a new and unexplored way, the object of public attention. Remarkable as she is for personal beauty and elegance,—always exhibiting such talents as to insure, in every character she performs, high respect, and frequently the full flow of public admiration, she yet retains a depreciating diffidence of manners—an unassuming solicitude to please, which proves how strong the original bias of her nature must have been to all the most gentle and retiring virtues we admire in her sex. Deep-seated and soul-felt must that modesty indeed be, which retains its purity amid the triumphs of public applause and the incense of private admiration, and, when all girlish fears have subsided, and conscious power is attained, can be yet humble in the very moment when it imparts delight, and meek when it exhibits the right to be proud.

If the sad consciousness of that peculiar situation in which she had unhappily placed herself, aided the soft timidity and guarded decorousness which distinguished Miss Foote's manners, and which we can hardly doubt to have been the case, to what a constant trial must her professional avocations have subjected a young creature of so much sensibility, for so many years! and how gladly must she have turned towards a prospect which promised a reprieve from that which had become a constantly-recurring torture! The charm of applause has long since necessarily ceased to animate a heart more calculated for tranquil than noisy enjoyments; and very dear must the prospect have been to her, which opened the promise of honourable ease in wedded life, as opposed to an equivocal situation, in which hope and fear alternately shook her with fever and ague,—in which the good, whom she loved, might pity, but dared not esteem her, and the bad, whom she despised, presumed to approach her. How tender and grateful must the attachment of such a woman be for that man who never approached her but with the generous delicacy which overlooked

even her actions, in deference to her intentions, her manners, her virtues,—confided in her for his future happiness, and provided for her as his equal partner! How many *many* times must the tear of gratitude have sprung to her eye, and the resolution of blessing him beyond even his hopes have throbbed at her bosom! With what anxiety must she not have looked forward to the herself worthy of being beloved and trusted! the race of life anew, and enable her to prove time which should give her the power to begin

This character of feeling on the subject is, we think, very evident from her letters, in which simplicity, good sense, and real affection, are alike predominant. We see no parade of profession, for she felt that time to come could alone atone for time past, as to conduct; and, young as she is, her heart had been so cruelly deceived, where it had firmly trusted, that its ardours were necessarily abated; and the tenderness of a thankful and loving heart, combined with the consideration of an experienced and reflecting mind, were wisely and happily substituted for the ebullitions of passion and the romance of blighted expectations: every thing bespoke maturity of judgment, yet not coldness of feeling,—the regrets which belong to widowhood, but not the selfishness which belongs to ambition or avarice: she was still a being capable of all the devotion of a wife and the duties of a gentlewoman.

Nothing can be further from our desire or our principles, than to hold out the idea that Miss Foote's previous connection with Colonel Berkeley did not militate against her marriage with Mr. Hayne; for we are decidedly of opinion that it did, and should exceedingly regret seeing our son or brother form a similar engagement. If, however, a friend of our's *had*, after many months' consideration, so formed it, he being a man of independent fortune, and without parents, we should consider him bound to fulfil it, both in honour and wisdom, since we are persuaded that, having conquered the first mortifying sense of its impropriety, he might look forward to much happiness with an attached and meritorious woman, so singularly redeemed to society by his generosity. The value of purity in woman, as a social virtue, is so great, that it can never be too much insisted upon, nor the boundaries between right and wrong too clearly defined; but we are all well aware that there are ameliorating lights, or darkening shades, in every picture of human error, which, although not touched by the laws and regulations of society, must necessarily influence the opinions of those who contemplate them.

If murder often, on examination, prove to be no more than homicide, so does the guilty connection which forms the only error attributed to Miss Foote, lose its criminal character as an act of loose indulgence or bold defiance (which are the hateful specifics of feminine turpitude in general), when closely looked into. To call her the victim of seduction, or lament over her youth and inexperience as the cause of her fall, would be gross affectation. Beautiful as she is, and sought as she must have been, from

those most trying years of a young actress's life, from sixteen to twenty-one, yet her fair fame remained untainted, and the modesty of her manners were the counterpart to purity of conduct. We consider her as falling into this evil, not from seduction, but deception; not from the infatuation of an unguarded moment, but the generous tenderness of a believing confiding heart; willing to endure the pains and penalties of a life of concubinage for a certain period, which she trusted would be generally concealed for the present, and finally obliterated by marriage. And surely there never did exist a woman similarly situated, who had more reason to expect such a termination to her ill-starred connection than Miss Foote. Not one man this day exists in the circles of fashion, so called upon by all the circumstances of his own history and his own feelings (if he has any) to fulfil such an engagement as Colonel Berkeley. His own pitiable situation, as an illegitimate son, might be supposed effective, in touching his heart with more than common tenderness for his own offspring, and his father's example in marrying his mother, who really made him a very good wife, give him encouragement in venturing on a lady whose traits of character were much more promising. With *him*, the pride of birth could have no influence; but the feelings connected with its respectability would have much in the heart of one who had experienced so much mortification from their deficiency in his own case. Every circumstance, therefore, connected with a person so situated, gave promise, as well as the word of honour, which, however precarious a tenure it may really be, every devoted heart believes; and, of course, every one must consider her as the affianced wife, whom nothing less than a long series of injurious neglect and paltry evasion could alienate from a woman whose only fault he had caused, and whose love he had never merited.

In fact, the total want of heart in all this man's letters is even appalling: at the very period when woman, as a sufferer for man's sake, most calls for the support of his tenderness and consideration, we see not one word indicative of the common cares of humanity, much less the sensibility awakened by a new tie. That he felt some regret at parting from such a woman we doubt not, but it was evidently not from love, for that he no longer felt, but the pride of conquest, the desire to retain a convenient slave to his pleasures. The malignity with which she was afterwards persecuted, the cruelty of first promising aid and afterwards exposing her errors in their most unmitigated form, are, we trust, singular instances of wickedness, even in the annals of those men who mingle the most hateful ingredients in the cup of passion.

In the second suitor we find a young man so 'infirm of purpose,' that he would move our pity, if it were not all engaged for one who, in giving him credit for virtues and love (which are the growth only of a stronger mental soil), opened her heart a second time to the shaft of disappointment and the pang of unrequited affection. In both cases, we are compelled to see,

that, with all her weaknesses and faults, whether of conduct or calculation, the female rises far above her fellow-actors in every generous quality and moral feeling,—that the more they have sought to detract from her integrity, simplicity, and ingenuousness, the more they have enabled her to prove rectitude of intention and propriety of conduct, and obtained for themselves the degradation so justly due to the cold-blooded unkindness of one, the vacillating deceptiousness of the other, and the unmanly meanness of both.

In concluding these remarks, we again insist that we shall not be mistaken for the advocates, or even the apologists, for female frailty, beyond the due consideration it claims with every other class of weak and faulty human beings. It is true, we always do look with deep commiseration on those unhappy women who have had faith in man to their own ruin, even in cases where no particular guilt is attached to the seducer, beyond that of refusing reparation, since, probably, in nine cases out of ten, it is the only inexcusable part of the transaction. We also sincerely believe that the world would be no worse, if it transferred the scorn so generally manifested against single women who have transgressed with one man, to those married women, to be found, who lay snares for many; and, although we can by no means for a moment allow the sweeping censures of Lord Byron to be true, respecting our country-women, we are yet aware there are, in every grade of society, some 'galled jades,' who should be taught to 'wincede.' Against the cunning *intrigante* whose life is spent in deceiving a confiding husband, or the daring wanton who triumphs over a weak one, let those anathemas be fulminated which this class of truly worthless characters so generally escapes; nor less ought they to be levelled against all those, whether married or single, who seek to seduce married men from their wives. These are the women who poison the fountain of human happiness and the principles of social virtue, who sow tares in the wheat of domestic comfort, and those sweet home-bred charities of life which belong to our fire-side pleasures—our heart-felt enjoyments. Let any sensible man contemplate for a moment the difference between a sorrowing girl, shut up in her chamber, writing, day after day, to that far distant *protector*, who at once denies her his company, prohibits her from all other, and has so placed her that she is deserted by every one, and that of the practised adulteress, who goes forth to allure youth and experience, or to partake the sins of one like herself, hardened in iniquity, the cruel tyrant over a wife whose sorrows afford them the subject of mockery, and of children whose welfare is sacrificed, or whose wants are neglected. Can he for one moment place such women on an equal footing as subjects of reprehension? It is yet certain that, under existing regulations, the one may flaunt in open day, whilst the other hides her head in shame and sorrow: we all feel the difference, but we cannot mark it.

But 'there is another and a better world.' B.

A HUMOURIST'S WILL.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Should the inclosed meet your approbation, it is at your service. The original was found amongst the papers of a deceased friend, an old bachelor, and a humourist, who, having no near relations, sunk his property in annuities, and (as he says) was possessed of no personal effects to bequeath. Although not a man of deep reading, it would be improbable to suppose he was unacquainted with the will of Weston, the comedian; and in jeux d'esprit of this description, the chief, if not the only, merit rests with the original inventor: but as it seems to contain one or two hits, probably you may consider it worthy of a place in *The Chronicle*; and as my friend was accustomed to read your work when living, it may be a consolation to his spirit to find that he contributes to it when dead.

NR.

Having no personal property to dispose of, I resolve (unlike the generality of will-makers) to bestow my personal qualities on such persons as seem most in want of them.

I bequeath my consistency to the Marquis of Buckingham, and wish for his sake that it was more.

My dislike of office I give to Mr. Tierney and the whigs: if there is not sufficient to make them satisfied with their present condition, there is enough to preserve them in future from the decent contempt of the ministry, by preventing them from begging for office at any price*.

My patriotism, which arises neither from revenge nor disappointment, shall be the property of Henry Brougham; for I know of no gentleman who wants it more.

I bestow my modesty on Mr. Elliston, though I am fearful it is like trying to freshen the salt sea by a bucket of spring-water.

My profligacy I leave to the aristocracy, that they may become ripe the sooner, and be the earlier plucked.

What patience and fortitude I die possessed of, shall go to those unfortunate persons who dwell near a preserve.

My civility I bequeath to Mr. Adolphus, though I am fearful it is like sowing seed upon a rock.

I give my principle to Mr. Cobbett, and trust he will make much of a long-lost acquaintance. I would also have given him my spirit of prophecy, but a quality of such a divine nature ought not to be used to drive a trade with†.

I leave my religion, and its fundamental virtue, charity, to churchmen generally; and my character, such as it is, to the magisterial part of them: in their case, any change must be for the better.

I bequeath my assurance to Mr. Moore: a man branded with such an irreparable

* Vide a speech of Mr. Tierney's towards the close of last session.

† Waiving all consideration of the truth of their predictions, the difference between Cassandra and Mr. Cobbett is supposed to consist in this—that she prophesied without being believed by others, and he prophesies without believing himself.

breach of trust, both to the dead and the living, has need of all he can muster.

Lastly, as it is admitted even by philosophers, that the larger heap may collect from the smaller, I bequeath my folly to Mr. Hayne; knowing no gentleman who possesses more. I would have left him my experience, but there are exceptions even to the proverb.

PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT IN FLEET STREET.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—As you frequently take notice of public improvements, I would beg to suggest that if the vacant ground occasioned by the late fire in Fleet Street must be built upon, still the fine church of St. Bride might be left open to public view, if the new buildings were not raised higher than one story. With this view, I would propose that if an oval or octagonal building, with shops covered by a roof with light supporters, were to be erected, the value of the ground would not be much, if at all, deteriorated, and a commodious promenade would be formed, not only convenient to the public, but advantageous to the shopkeepers and ornamental to the metropolis. Your's, &c.

December, 24, 1824.

N. A.

GEOGRAPHICAL QUERY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Your correspondent who wishes, through the medium of your pages, for a solution to his difficult 'Geographical Query,' has caused a pleasant smile to pass among those assembled around my hearth, not merely from the simplicity with which he puts the questions to your subscribers (amongst which I rank at least one of the oldest), but from the question itself. Without entering into a critical examination of maps and charts, to see if the new political arrangements have altered the site, or created fresh divisions in the world, or of the most ancient, to see if it stands as it was wont to do, all of which I suppose your correspondent has done, I do not only suppose the fact of eating strawberries and cream with one foot in Asia and the other in Europe possible, but very probable; yes, Mr. Editor, very probable; as possible and probable as that the Marquis of Anglesea had one leg in the church-yard of Waterloo, when he attended his present majesty at the ceremony of his coronation, and he was much at a loss to know how to retreat from his majesty's presence down the steps of the throne, without infringing etiquette by turning his back on the king,—and all for the want of the leg in question: and yet, sir, who will deny that the noble marquis's attachment to his sovereign was such as led him to serve and assist his king, with one foot in the grave. It also reminds me of an old Joe Miller,—that of the man who bargained with a milliner for 2d. for ribbon to reach from one ear to the other, and you must well remember the joke to be that one ear certainly was on his head, and the other nailed to a pillory in some distant country town. I remain, Mr. Editor, very truly your's,

London, Dec. 13, 1824.

P. L. T.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE BETRAYERS OF FILIPPO UGONI,
OF BRESCIA.*

AND have ye chained the exiled hero's form—
And have ye manacled those free-born limbs?
Is this tale true? And have ye hearts for deeds
So traitorously dark—so merciless?

Ye have the power and much I fear the will—
But why thus dream of innocence!—Ye have
Done this! Your act of treachery is past.

What! are your eyes sealed up from freedom's
light—

Your ears from suffering virtue's pleading
tones—

Your hearts from every great and noble feel-
ing?—

That ye should lay the hand of wanton might
Upon the man who entered at your gate,
A friendless persecuted wanderer?

Oh! could ye feel what then he must have
felt—

Most deeply worn in limb and rent in heart,
With memories sad to feed his present grief—

With no hope then before him but your aid,
Ye surely had not done this deed of night!

Was not his bosom bare with suffering,
His arm defenceless, and all succour gone—

His life's dear visions vanished—save that
best—

The thought that he had bled for freedom's sake!
And could ye rend from him the cherish'd ties

That yet remain'd to cheer his solitude?—
And could ye stop him on your crowded

strand,
When he would fain have sought another

shore,
And left ye his warm blessing—not his curse?

—Cast from your eyes the black enshrouding
veil

That hoods their noblest light! To your dim
souls

Let mercy's beaming come—assist your fame—
And let men know ye kneel not, nor have

knelled,
At Austria's proud throne! 'Tis thankless work

To do a tyrant's bidding, but 'tis great
To shelter from the arm of despot-strength

The exile and the hero.

Rend his bonds—

No longer let your dungeon's loathsome walls
Re-echo back his groans! Let him breathe still—

It is but man's inheritance, Heaven's air—
And suffering Freedom's thanks on ye shall rest.

But give him to the blood-hounds as a prey,
And in the darkest page of living time

Your chronicled disgrace shall be! Nay, more—
The treasured scorn of ages shall be your's!

And men who wish to chafe your blushing
race,

Shall need not words of fierce and angry ire—
But merely say—'Ugoni.'

Edmonton.

J. J. L.

THE DRAMA.

PANTOMIMES.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—We are afraid that to attempt to criticise a pantomime will appear somewhat too much like 'breaking a butterfly upon a wheel;' and they have, moreover, been so long freed from any of the trammels of consistency and common sense,

* The above unfortunate gentleman had the temerity to be one of those few who upheld the Neapolitan struggle for liberty. He disdained to follow the course of his degenerate countrymen, and became an exile, taking refuge in

that it seems now almost to be regarded as a fundamental rule, with respect to these compositions, not only that they may dispense with those qualities, but that they actually ought to do so. We, however, unfortunately, are not precisely of this way of thinking, and are of opinion, therefore, that a pantomime would not be a whit more dull, or less surprising, were there something resembling connection between the different parts. As these things are managed at present, the scenes of one of these pieces might generally be shuffled like a pack of cards, and arranged differently every evening, without at all disturbing the concatenation of causes and effects. Up to a certain point we can willingly resign ourselves, and give implicit credence to the grossest impossibilities: monsters, flying cars, fire-vomiting dragons, endless transformation and metamorphoses, shock us not; princesses changed into talking birds, or apes into men, appear not in the least more improbable than many of those transformations which we daily witness in real life; yet, in the midst of all this extravagance, we do dearly love a little ingenuity, happy contrivance, and consistency, were it merely by way of novelty. We certainly do not pretend to know any thing of the process by which a performance of this nature is concocted,—whether there be any presiding genius to organize the groundwork of the whole, or whether it be not a *pic-nic* production of scene-painters, mechanists, tailors, property-men, fiddlers, dancers, and supernumeraries. Judging from what we actually behold, we should certainly say that the latter is the way in which pantomimes are got up; else we could not fail occasionally to meet with, in them, something like uniformity of plot and originality of idea. We should not have precisely the same transformations, the same uniform pantaloons and clowns, the same thumpings, and kickings, and jumping, and stale tricks, and stupid worn-out manœuvres, in every pantomime. It is a lamentable thing, although managers do not always seem to be aware of it, that a piece of this kind may be at once excessively extravagant and monstrously dull.

But perhaps we shall be told, at least by some of our younger readers, who must be allowed to have a voice on the occasion, that the fault is not so much in pantomimes, or the makers of them, as in ourselves, and that, in this respect, we very much resemble those good people who find that every thing in the world grows duller and duller every day; and that neither women nor peaches are so fine as when they themselves were younger. We have seen too many pantomimes to find any originality; but ask any little boy who witnessed one last Monday night for the first time, and he will not believe that any thing could possibly be more original, novel, or droll, than those very incidents and

Hamburg; the government of which, at the instigation of the court of Vienna, has thrown him into prison, from whence (to quote the words of the exile's friend) 'he may be sent to a dreadful destination.' When arrested, he was on the point of embarking for America.

tricks that appeared to us so trivial and common-place. We could tell, at the rising of the curtain, what were the metamorphoses the characters were to undergo, and predict, almost to a second, the time when Harlequin would appear in his party-coloured garb. To the little novice these changes must have appeared most extraordinary; and how could he possibly divine, when he saw a porter, a butcher, or gardener, cross the stage with a basket, that the clown would infallibly convey the contents of such basket to his breeches' pockets; or that he has an irresistible propensity to purloin cloaks, shawls, and sundry other habiliments from the backs of their owners, and appropriate them to his own purposes? Such jokes may have, for the uninitiated, all the charm of novelty, but for us, who have witnessed them over and over again in every pantomime we ever beheld, they certainly do rather pall on our imagination. Well, but what business have we at pantomimes,—we, who cannot admire the same dish hashed up over and over again, we, who seem to belong to that unconscionable race of mortals, who, as Sancho says, would have better bread than is made of wheat? Perhaps not much, and might reserve our spleen for some more important occasion: still we cannot help thinking, that a little more ingenuity and novelty might be displayed in a species of performance, the chief merit of which seems to consist in such qualities. There may be some people, indeed, who even in matters of this sort, like not to break through old established forms and customs, and who look upon innovation, even in pantomimes, as something dangerous and heretical. Such might imagine, that were either Clown or Pantaloon to appear in any other costume than the preposterous one, now, it seems, sanctioned by time and long established usage, half of the humour and merriment of a pantomime would inevitably perish. We are certainly of a very different opinion, conceiving, as we do, that great improvement might take place in this respect, by banishing that which, though excessively absurd, is hardly grotesque. There are many other circumstances in which pantomimes appear susceptible of considerable improvement; but as the discussion of these would lead us too far, and would, like all other gratuitous advice, probably be but ill received by those who might profit by it, we will now conclude these general remarks, and come more immediately to the pantomime produced at Drury Lane Theatre, called *Harlequin, and the Talking Bird, the Singing Trees, and the Golden Waters*. The introductory part of this pantomime contains some good spectacle and scenery, especially the scene of the Pavilion where the princess is imprisoned in the form of a bird. There were several other birds of very splendid plumage in this scene; among the rest a peacock, who expanded and closed his train several times, just as a lady would her fan. But as to the dramatic construction of this portion of the piece, we really cannot say much in favour of its intelligibility, although every thing seemed quite according to the statute which has been in force since the be-

ginning of our memories for the better regulation of pantomimes. Every thing was laudably adjusted by precedent. The same remark will apply to the harlequinades, in which there were but very few attempts indeed at novelty, and those not particularly happy either in idea or execution, if we except the burlesque parody of the incantation scene in the *Freyschütz*, where the Clown is seen in a haunted kitchen making a pancake, and every time he breaks an egg, some portentous appearances are seen: the ghost of a cook rises from a stew-pan, the fire burns supernaturally bright, warming-pans and pot-ladles swing backwards and forwards, and at last the whole stewing apparatus seems to vomit forth flames and smoke. Among the hits at passing events, is a scene of the Patent Washing Company, which was received with much applause; and the rival shops—we beg pardon, *establishments*—of Messrs. Money and Hypolite, and Mac Alpine; in the latter, which, by the bye, was a terribly dull scene, the Clown exhibits ocular proof of the indisputable virtues of bears' grease, by showing its effects on an old stumped-up brush, which is instantly covered with fine long bristles. This is to us more satisfactory than any of the puffs which we have read on this specific for the hair, in the newspapers. A stage-coach, driving into an inn-yard, was most miserably contrived; surely they have had horses enow on the boards of Drury, to know that the fore-legs of these quadrupeds do not dangle as if hung on bits of wire. There was but very little good scenery in this part of the pantomime, or rather, it was in some respects miserably bad. Of this character was a street with a view of the upper part of St. Paul's, but a more wretched daub than that building we never beheld. A view of Edinburgh had, however, a considerable degree of merit; yet wherefore it was introduced, or what possible connection it had with any thing else, we really cannot say. But even those scenes in which spectacle and illusion are most aimed at, lose very much of their effect, by the exceedingly bungling and patchy manner in which all the upper part of the scene is filled up with various bits of canvass; and it really appears to us to be a most monstrous perversity to incur an enormous expense for scenery, and then to destroy the effect of it, for want of two or three more yards of canvass; or, we must suppose, for want of the means of managing or disposing of scenes the entire height of the stage. In our opinion, the stage machinists might as well exert some of their ingenuity in attempting to overcome so gross and important a defect.

COVENT GARDEN.

The remarks already made will apply with equal truth to the pantomime produced at Covent Garden Theatre, under the title of *Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantly*. The tricks were excessively stale and poor, if we except the inverting the stand-house at Epsom races, where the persons are seen escaping with their heels uppermost. The change of the York Mail into the White Horse Inn, Fetter Lane, was also clever. The scenery, in which this house generally excels,

particularly in pantomime, was not of so high an order as we have seen. The best and most novel scene was a moving panorama, representing, in succession, all the bridges from Blackfriars to Vauxhall, and the proposed terrace on the banks of the Thames, as projected by Col. Trench. It is taken from drawings furnished by Mr. P. Wyatt, and gives an exact representation of the scenery on the banks of the river, with the addition of the terrace. This view is so striking and beautiful, that we doubt not it will make many proselytes to the plan. A grand sailing-match is introduced, as contending for the Cumberland cup; and the boats are seen passing through the arches of the bridges, in all their beauty of architecture. The view of the tunnel under the Thames did not strike as at all happy, though its explosion, setting the Thames on fire, had a good effect on the risible muscles of the audience, who laughed to see the tortures of the boiling fish. The offices of columbine, harlequin, clown, and pantaloons, were well sustained by Miss Romer, Ellar, young Grimaldi (who is a chip of the old block), and Barnes. The house was crowded in every part long before the half-price commenced, and the pantomime was completely successful.

On Thursday night, Mr. J. Russell, who, some four or five years, played low comedy very well at the English Opera House and Covent Garden Theatre, appeared at the latter house in the character of Shylock,—why or wherefore, we know not; but if the experiment were made in the hope of attracting by its novelty, it failed. Mr. J. Russell is a very good low comedian, and he is nothing more; and neither in voice, action, nor conception of character, is he in the slightest degree qualified for a tragedian. Mr. Russell is a mimic, and imitated Kean in his performance; but it was a rigid copy of a good original. Mrs. Sloman's Portia was tolerable. The other characters were not well filled up; and thus we presume end, or should end, Mr. J. Russell's tragic efforts: they will, if he is wise.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The correspondence of Lord Byron with a friend, with the addition of letters written to his mother from Portugal, Spain, Turkey, and Greece, as well as reflections and observations, edited by R. C. Dallas, is in the press, and will be published in Paris. This is the work, the publication of which was prevented by the Lord Chancellor.

The King of France has bought the fine collection of antiquities belonging to Mr. Edward Durand, one of the largest and best-chosen in Europe. It contained nearly 7000 articles, Egyptian, Greek, Etruscan, Roman, and of the middle ages. Among these were no less than 1250 of the Italo-Grecian vases, commonly called Etruscan; near 1800 bronzes; besides many lamps, *terra cottas*, ancient glass, jewels of gold, enamel, mummies, rolls of papyrus, covered with hieroglyphic writing, &c. &c., making 2500 articles of this class.

The French, who are never backward in laying claim to inventions, are insinuating that the idea of a steam-vessel originated with a mechanic of Burgundy. 'In searching the public records of Friburg,' says the *Courier Français*, 'we find, that in the beginning of the year 1701, a mechanic of Burgundy, of the name of Dromée, procured from the government of Friburg, for himself and his heirs male, an exclusive privilege for establishing on the Sarine a novel species of boat, which was to be propelled neither by oars nor sails, nor yet drawn by horses, with which he proposed to navigate the river, for the conveyance of passengers and merchandise.' Unfortunately, no mention is made of the means proposed as a substitute for oars, sails, or horses, nor is it known what obstacles checked the undertaking.

A journal of Saxony announces, that at the last fair of Leipsic, a Bible of the Elzevir edition was sold for 42,000 francs.

After long enjoying the honour of being the highest among the Alps, Mont Blanc has been, some time since, declared to be somewhat less elevated than its rival Alp, Mount Rosa. The recent trigonometrical admeasurements of Austrian engineers, acting under the direction of Baron Von Welden, have restored Mont Blanc to its original superiority. The relative height of these stupendous mountains they found to be as follows, in Paris feet:

Mont Blanc 14,764

Mont Rosa 14,222

That 'ignorance is bliss,' seems to be the doctrine of more than one German potentate. The Emperor of Austria honestly confesses that he does not want learned men, but loyal subjects; and the Prussian government of the Saxon provinces ceded, in 1814, to Prussia, 'in order to reduce, as much as possible, the number of individuals from the industrious classes who devote themselves to study,' has decreed, 'that the sons of agriculturists and artisans, even if they should distinguish themselves by their application and good conduct, shall be excluded from every scholarship the nomination to which depends on the authorities. This, as the Morning Post well observes, is another proof of the great conspiracy 'to shut the gates of learning on mankind.'

The Russian government has given orders that all their ships shall be furnished with guard-plates, for correcting the errors of the mariner's compass-needle, from the local attraction of the ship's guns and other iron stores, similar to those now fitting up for the ships of our navy and many of our merchant vessels.

At the sale of M. Motteley's collection of books, at Paris, a number of valuable Elzevirs were disposed of. Among these was a fine Latin Psalter, of 1653. There were also various books which belonged to Henry II., king of France, particularly the Latin Bible of R. Etienne, 1545, and Plutarch's Lives, Vascosan, 1559. There were a beautiful Persian Manuscript, 1376, with eighteen miniatures in gold and colours; a superb Gothic Mystery, 1541, richly bound by Thouvenin, &c. &c.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Dec. 24	43	45	42	29 05	Stormy.
.... 25	47	49	55	.. 55	Cloudy.
.... 26	40	51	44	.. 96	Fair.
.... 27	47	47	53	.. 86	Fair.
.... 28	47	51	52	.. 80	Rain.
.... 29	40	51	40	30 20	Fair.
.... 30	52	37	52	.. 18	Fair.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

A Portuguese Tid-bit.—We hope that, in the next edition of his work on Cookery, Dr. Kitchiner will not fail to introduce the following *bonne bouche*, which, Mrs. Baillie assures us, formed the favourite breakfast of a young Portuguese lady—if it be only for the purpose of making some observations on the gastronomic taste of different nations:—'A large thick slice of hot leavened bread, strewed with salt and pepper, soaked in vinegar, seasoned highly with garlic, and swimming in a filthy sort of oil of so rank a scent as well as flavour, as to leave a taint upon the breath for many hours!' We should rather imagine that this was intended as a specific against love; for that man must be desperately bewitched indeed, who could behold the divinity of his affections swallow such a morsel as this, and still believe her purged from all grosser nature.

The Queen of Portugal.—The same lady (Mrs. Baillie) gives a curious portrait of her Majesty of Portugal, and one that would make rather a singular figure in a gallery of royal personages:—'The queen continues to live in the utmost retirement; she seldom receives visitors, and never goes into public. Her dress, I am told, is the extreme of shabby dirty deshabille; consisting of an old soiled coloured gown of the commonest printed cotton, a cap with as little pretensions to cleanliness as the hair it covers, and a man's black beaver hat—altogether no bad representation of one of Macbeth's witches: but the most remarkable part of her costume is a pair of enormous pockets, which descend from her waist to the middle of her leg, and are always stuffed with religious relics of various sorts!—Her majesty, however, is no bad personification of the city of Lisbon, where disgusting filth and religious relics are held in particular esteem.

Portuguese Religion.—The religion of the Portuguese is, we should hope, without a parallel in any other part of Catholic Christendom; for they seem, with the most ultra devotion, to possess as little morality as possible. They worship saints, Madonnas, images, and relics—everything but God. 'No country under heaven,' says Mrs. Baillie, 'abounds more with the outward signs of devotion than Portugal: the Virgin stands godmother to almost all the females, and most of the streets of the city are named in honour of persons or places celebrated in scripture or church history.' Such a name as Donna Maria Madre de Dios would

sound more profanely than devoutly in heretical ears; and we should think that there was far more of blasphemy and stupidity than any thing else in the remark of an ancient marquez, who, when a discussion arose whether the Virgin Mary, were she alive, could be admitted into good company, in consequence of her plebeian rank, said: 'Yes, we *might* visit the Virgin, on account of her being so *highly connected*; she is, you know, the Mother of God!'

The Natal Calendar.—There prevails a fanciful superstition among the Poles, according to which they believe that a person's destiny is influenced by the month in which he is born, and that there is likewise a mysterious connection between the months and the principal precious stones:—

January—Jacinth or Garnet.—Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

February—Amethyst.—This month and stone preserve mortals from strong passions, and insure them peace of mind.

March—Bloodstone.—Courage, and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.

April—Sapphire or Diamond.—Repentance and Innocence.

May—Emerald.—Success in love.

June—Agate.—Long life and health.

July—The Cornelian or Ruby.—The forgetfulness, or the cure, of evil springing from friendship or love.

August—Sardonyx.—Conjugal fidelity.

September—Chrysolite.—Preserves from, or cures, folly.

October—Aquamarine or Opal.—Misfortune and hope.

November—Topaz.—Fidelity in friendship.

December—Turquoise or Malachite.—The most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life. The Turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard: hence the old saying, that 'he who possesses a turquoise will always be sure of friends.'

The Romans (says a modern author), of all people, took the most pains in their roads; the labour and expense they were at to render them spacious, straight, smooth, and agreeable, to the very extremities of their empire, are incredible: they strengthened the ground by ramming it, laying it with flints, pebbles, or sand; sometimes by a lining of masonry, rubbish, bricks, potsherds, &c., bound together with mortar. In some places in the Lyonnais have been found clusters of flints cemented with lime, reaching ten or twelve feet deep, and making a mass as hard and compact as marble itself, and which, after resisting the injuries of time for 1600 years, is still scarcely penetrable by all the force of hammers, &c., and yet the flints it consists of are not bigger than eggs. Sometimes they paved their roads with large square free-stones; these they called *via ferrea*, because they resembled iron, or resisted the iron of the horses' feet, &c.

Recreation.—Men the most celebrated for learning and wisdom have indulged themselves in recreation. Cyrus and Alexander admired hunting; Cicero would play like a kitten; Plato would turn pedlar; and Socrates would gallop about with children upon a hobby-horse.

Going-a-Goading.—It was formerly a custom duly observed by the women who went a *goading*, as it is called, on St. Thomas's Day, to present their benefactors, in return for the alms they received, with sprigs of evergreen, probably to deck their houses with at the approaching festival. There prevails in Warwickshire a custom for the poor, on St. Thomas's Day, to go with a bag to beg corn of the farmers, which is called *going-a-corning*.

Te Deum.—The divine hymn, so well known in the church by the name of *Te Deum*, was composed by St. Ambrose, at the baptism of St. Augustine, whom he had converted to the faith.

On the Marriage of Miss — to a Gentleman of the Name of Gee.

Sure, madam, by your choice your taste we see,
What's good, or great, or grand, without a G?
A godly glow must sure on G depend,
Or oddly low our righteous thoughts must end;
The want of G all gratitude effaces,
And without G the Graces would run races.

Campaign in Russia.—After six months of the most desperate campaign on record, the Russian territory was at length evacuated by the French. By what Colonel Boutourlin thinks a moderate calculation, 125,000 Frenchmen were slain in battle, and 190,000 were made prisoners, not including 48 generals, and 3000 officers. By adding those who were lost in detail, by disease, famine, cold, and other accidental causes, we find the number raised to 450,000 human beings! We may reckon the number of allied troops who escaped the great disaster, and repassed the frontiers of Russia, at 80,000 men; but in this number are comprehended 25,000 Austrians, and 18,000 Prussians, so that of the other troops of Napoleon there did not remain 40,000 men. The Russians took from the French 75 eagles or standards, and 929 cannon, without reckoning those which remain buried in the earth, or were thrown into the water—*Boutourlin's Military History of the Campaign in Russia.*

Works published since our last notice.—The West Indies as they are, 6s. 6d. Bunyan Explained, 4s. Egan's Life of an Actor, royal 8vo. 27s. Campan's Private Journal, edited by M. Maigne, 14s. Schroder on the Law of Bail, 7s. 6d. New Landlord's Tales, 2 vols. 14s. Winter Evening Pastimes, 4s. 6d. Turf Herald, 1824, 6s. 6d. Emily, a Tale, 5s. A Picturesque Tour along the Banks of the Ganges and Jumna, with 24 coloured engravings, imperial 4to. 4l. 4s. Westall's Illustrations of Moore's Irish Melodies, 5s. The British Magazine, No. 1, 2s. 6d.

ONE OR MORE DUELS EVERY WEEK!

Necessary to every Young Nobleman and Gentleman on his First Entrance into Society.

Just published, price 5s.

THE BRITISH CODE OF DUEL: a Reference to the Laws of Honour, and the Character of Gentleman.

CONTENTS.—Among other Heads, Question of Duel Examined Legally. What is Honour? and its Laws.—Who is a Gentleman?—Apocryphati.—Various Grounds of Quarrel, and how to be Treated.—Paragraphs for the Ladies.—Great Men Ridiculous in Duel.—Parliamentary, Forensic, Literary, and Election Duels.—Advantage to Dullness of Killing Critics.—Instructions for Principal, Second, and Surgeon, throughout a Dispute, and in the Field.—Sending to Coventry, Posting, Horsemanship, and Pulling by the Nose.—Hints to Young Gentlemen on Practical Jokes.—Pistol Cattle-Snuffers, &c.—Soldiers' Great Lawyers.—Historical Sketch of Duel.—Varieties.—Case of the Tenth and Battier first fully stated; Callan, Finch, &c. London: Knight and Lacey, Paternoster Row;

BOOKS FOR SCHOOLS.

Published by W. SIMPKIN and R. MARSHALL, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street, London; and sold by all Booksellers, with a good allowance to Teachers.

ELEMENTS OF LATIN HEXAMETERS and PENTAMETERS.

By the Rev. ROBERT BLAND.

The fourth edition, (much improved by a graduated Scale of commencing Exercises,) price 2s. 6d. bound.

The exercises contained in this little collection, have had the test of satisfactory experience, at one of the greatest public Schools.

SYNTACTICAL EXAMINATION; or, Questions and Examples adapted to the Syntax of the Latin Grammar. The second edition. 2s. bound.

A SKETCH of the GREEK ACCIDENCE, arranged in a manner convenient for Transcription; by means of which learners may be assisted in committing to memory. The second edition. By John Hodgkin. 2s. 6d.

'We take the liberty of recommending to the notice of such of our readers as are concerned in the education of youth, the labours of Mr. Hodgkin, which we consider as peculiarly calculated to facilitate the adoption of that plan for the improvement of the memory, which is recommended by Quintilian, and which was followed with so much success by Professor Porson.'—Classical Journal, No. XIX.

A COMPENDIUM of ALGEBRA, with Notes and Demonstrations, showing the reason of every Rule, designed for the use of Schools and those Persons who have not the advantage of a Preceptor; the whole arranged on a plan calculated to abridge the labour of the Master and facilitate the improvement of the Pupil. By George Phillips, Author of a Treatise on the Construction and Use of a Case of Mathematical Instruments. 3s. bound.

'This is a clever compendium of a most useful branch of mathematical science, for every person ought to be acquainted with Algebra. The author's object is to abridge the labour of the master, or to render a master unnecessary, by familiarizing the subject so as to facilitate the study, and, consequently, lessen the period usually spent in acquiring this essential part of education. Such are his avowed objects, and his work is well calculated to insure them.'—Literary Chronicle, March 16th, 1824.

A KEY to the above.

A NEW GRAMMAR of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, including the fundamental principles of Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody; in which it is attempted, by a new arrangement of the Verb, to remove the perplexity and confusion hitherto found in several Tenses of the Potential Mood, and the future of the Indicative: with notes and illustrations, critical and explanatory. By T. O. Churchill, translator of Herder's Philosophy of History, and Bossuet's History of Mathematics. 12mo. 5s. bound.

'The grammar of Lowth seems especially to have served this author for a model: but he has made many just corrections in it, and many valuable additions to it, and has enlarged that compendious introduction to the English language, into a comprehensive treatise, illustrated by numerous critical notes. Murray and Crombie have been consulted; so have Sheridan's Orthoepey and Walker's Rhyming Dictionary; and the result is a copious body of information concerning the analogies and anomalies, the peculiarities and niceties, of our tongue, more adapted, perhaps, for the proficient than the beginner, but truly instructive, and perpetually elegant. On the whole, this work frequently deserves consultation, and will tend to a critical acquisition of our language.'—Monthly Review, May, 1824.

AN INTRODUCTION to LATIN CONSTRUING; or, Easy and Progressive Lessons for Reading; to be used by the Pupil as soon as the first Declension has been committed to memory, adapted to the most popular Grammars, but more particularly to that used in the College at Eton; and designed to illustrate the Inflection of the declinable Parts of Speech, the Rules for Gender, the Preterperfect Tense, and of Syntax; having the quantity of those Syllables marked on which the pronunciation depends, and accompanied with Questions. The second edition. By the Rev. J. Bosworth, M.A. &c. &c. 3s. 6d. bound.

This work is intended to teach practically the use of the Latin Grammar and Dictionary; the former in pointing out the important service of the variable terminations, and the latter the meaning of the radical part of the word.

LATIN CONSTRUING; or, Easy and Progressive Lessons from Classical Authors; with Rules for Translating Latin into English, designed to teach the Analysis of simple and compound Sentences, and the method of construing Phœdrus and Nepos, as well as the higher classics, without the help of an English Translation; intended for the use of junior classes in schools, and of those who have not the advantage of regular instruction, for whom the quantity of those syllables, on which the pronunciation depends, is marked. To which is added, a full Account of the Roman Calendar, and some Remarks on Roman Customs, with Rules for re-

Simpkin and Marshall's School Books continued.

ducing the English to the Roman Time, and the Roman to the English. By the Rev. J. Bosworth, M.A., &c. &c. Vicar of Little Harwood, Buckinghamshire, and Author of an Introduction to Latin Construing, the Elements of Anglo-Saxon Grammar, &c. The 2d edition, 2s. 6d. bound.

After attending to the rules of this little manual, illustrated as they are by copious examples from the easiest and best Roman classics, the Pupil will have no difficulty in taking up any Latin author, and construing it with judgment and precision.

NUOVO DIZIONARIO PORTATILE, Italiano Francese, e Francese Italiano, compendioso da quello di Alberti; Arrichito di tutti i termini propri delle Scienze e dell'Arti, delle Conjugazioni de' Verbi regolari e irregolari; e disposto all'uso degli Italiani e de' Francesi. Par Giuseppe Maritelli. 2 vols. 12s. bound.

THE CAMERA, OR ART OF DRAWING IN WATER-COLOURS; with Instructions for Sketching from Nature, comprising the whole process of Water-coloured Drawing, familiarly exemplified in Drawing, Shading, and Tinting a complete Landscape, in all its progressive stages; and directions for compounding and using colours, Sepia, Indian Ink, Bister, &c. By J. Hassell. 5s. boards.

A GENERAL TABLE OF THE ITALIAN VERBS, regular and irregular, by which the formation of any Tense or Person required may be immediately found. Executed by R. Zotti, after the French plan laid down by R. Juigne, in his Table of French Verbs. A new edition, corrected and improved by C. Bruno. Coloured, 3s. 6d.

A KEY TO THE GREEK TESTAMENT; being a Selection of Chapters philologically explained; for the use of Young Men designed for the Ministry. By Charles Hook, Author of a Synopsis of Latin Grammar, and Steps to Latin Verses. 3s. 6d. boards.

THE COMPLETE CORRESPONDENT; consisting of Letters adapted to every Age and Situation of Life; together with various useful forms of Business and Compliment; the best Directions for Epistolary Writing, and more than Fifty Specimens of Real Correspondence, selected from the best Writers in the English Language; as Addison, Cowper, Gay, Johnson, Pope, Lady Hertford, Lady Wortley Montague, Mrs. Rowe, &c. and some Translations from the Latin Classics and celebrated French Writers. 2s. sewed, 2s. 6d. bound.

MATHURINI CORDERII COLLOQUIA SELECTA; or select Colloquies of Mathurin Cordier; better adapted to the capacities of Youth, and fitter for beginners in the Latin Tongue, than any edition of his Colloquies, or any other book yet published. The 19th edition, revised and corrected. By S. Loggan, A.M. 2s. bound.

HISTOIRE DE CHARLES XII. Roi de Suede; par M. de Voltaire. Nouvelle édition, stereotype, soigneusement revue et corrigée sur les meilleures impressions, par M. Catty, premier Maître de langue Française à l'Académie Royale et Militaire de Woolwich. 4s. bound.

A KEY TO KEITH'S TREATISE ON THE GLOBES; containing near One Thousand Solutions, worked out to the nicest accuracy, and in so explicit a manner, as to enable the Student to gain a complete and scientific knowledge of both Globes, without any instruction from a Master. By C. Vines, Mathematician and Nautical Astronomer. 4s. boards.

GRAMMATICAL INSTITUTES; or an Easy Introduction to Dr. Lowth's English Grammar. By John Ash, LL.D. A new edition. 1s. bound.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH COMPOSITION AND ELOCUTION; in four parts, viz. 1. Æsop modernised and moralised, in a series of instructive Tales, calculated both as subjects for Reading-Lessons and subjects for Narration. 2. Skeletons of those Tales, with leading Questions and Hints, to guide and assist the Juvenile Writer in re-composing them. 3. Poetic Reading made Easy, by means of Metrical Notes to each line. 4. An Appendix of select Prose. By John Carey, LL.D. Author of Latin Prosody made Easy, Practical English Prosody and Versification, &c. &c. 4s. bound.

LE NOUVEAU TESTAMENT de notre Seigneur JESUS CHRIST. Imprimé sur l'Édition de Paris, de l'Année 1805. Édition stereotype revue et corrigée avec soin d'après le texte Grec. 4s. 6d. bound.

ELIZABETH; ou, les EXILES de SIBERIE. Par Mme. Cottin. Onzième édition, avec des notes explicatives, historiques, et géographiques. Par R. Juigne, 3s. bound.

A GENERAL TABLE of the FRENCH VERBS, regular and irregular, by which the formation of any Tense or Person required may be immediately found. By R. Juigne, M.A. of the University of Paris. Coloured, 3s. 6d.

CRABB'S (George, of Magdalen, College, Oxford) **ENGLISH SYNONYMS EXPLAINED**, in alphabetical order; with copious Illustrations and Examples drawn from the best Writers. 8vo. The third edition, greatly enlarged and corrected. 11. 1s. boards.

THE GOOD NURSE.

This day is published, in one vol. 12mo. price 6s. in boards.

THE GOOD NURSE; or, Hints on the Management of the Sick and Lying-in Chamber, and the Nursery. By a LADY.

Dedicated, by permission, to Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield. To know

That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.—Milton

Printed for Septimus Prowett, 23, Old Bond Street; and W. and C. Tait, Edinburgh.

A VERY DESIRABLE PRESENT FOR EVENING PARTIES.

During the Festivities of Christmas, Twelfth-Night, &c. Just published, in foolscap 8vo. price 4s. 6d. boards.

WINTER EVENING PASTIMES; or, The MERRY-MAKER'S COMPANION; containing a complete Collection of Evening Sports, including Twelfth-Night Ceremonies, with copious Directions for Crying Forfeits, and promoting Harmless Mirth and Innocent Amusement. The whole Selected, Altered, and Composed,

By RACHEL REVEL, Spinster.

London: printed for A. Mesnard, 40, Strand; sold also by Sherwood, Jones, and Co., Paternoster Row; and by all other Booksellers.

Just published, Nos. I. II. and III. price Six pence each, to be continued weekly.

A DICTIONARY of ARCHITECTURE, Historical, Descriptive, Theoretic, Decorative, and Mechanical.

By ROBERT STUART, Esq.

Architect and Civil Engineer.

This work has been for a considerable period in preparation, and is commenced with a view of bringing within the reach of Operative Builders and the other classes of Artisans connected with Building, a complete system of Classical, Scientific, and Practical Architecture.

Number I. is ornamented with three Engravings on Steel, and several Woodcuts, executed by the first artists. Each Number will present a succession of Embellishments on Steel and Wood, in variety and execution altogether unrivalled.

Printed for Knight and Lacey, Paternoster Row.

THE SUNDAY TIMES.

THE PROPRIETORS of this Paper respectfully solicit the attention of the Advertising Public to the following affidavit of the Printer and Publisher, as the most conclusive evidence of its rapid rise in public estimation, and of its unrivalled circulation: they will also be gratified by any inquiry which shall be made in confirmation of this statement at the respectable Establishment of Mr. Baldwin, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, at whose Steam Press **THE SUNDAY TIMES** is worked.

AFFIDAVIT.

Dennis Dunn, of No. 19, New Street, Surry, Printer, and John Chapman, of 135, Fleet Street, London, severally make Oath and say:—And first, the said Dennis Dunn maketh Oath and saith, that the following statement contains the actual number of copies of **THE SUNDAY TIMES** worked off at Mr. Baldwin's Steam Press each week, exclusive of spoiled stamps, from the 3rd of October last. And this Deponent John Chapman for himself saith, that he is the Printer and Publisher of the weekly Paper called **THE SUNDAY TIMES**, and that the entire number of Papers so Printed have been bona fide sold:—

October	3	6800
—	10	5723
—	17	5733
—	24	5824
—	31 (Mr. Fauntleroy's Trial)	8762
November	7	6166
—	14	6175
—	21	6516
—	28	7190

Sworn before me,

DENNIS DUNN.

this 1st Day of December, 1824, JOHN GARRATT, Mayor.

THE SUNDAY TIMES (price 7d.) is published every Sunday morning in London, and may also be received by Post on Sunday morning at any distance within 150 miles. All Advertisements and Communications are requested to be sent to the Office, 135, Fleet Street, London. Should the last Gazette be an object, a special Order must be sent to the Office, with a reference for half-yearly payment in Town. If it should be desired, the Paper may be received on Monday morning by Post, by giving a specific order to that effect. Advertisements sent to the Sunday Times are inserted in the whole Impression, and not, as in most other Papers, in one day's Impression only; so that the Sunday Times will prove to be the best channel for Advertisements of every description, as it offers the Greatest Sale of any weekly Paper now published in Great Britain.

This day are published, price 5s., or proof plates on India paper, price 7s. 6d.

WESTALL'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES; consisting of Seven Plates, including a Vignette Title-Page to bind with the volume, exquisitely engraved on steel from Designs by Richard Westall, Esq., R.A. Printed for Knight and Lacey, Paternoster Row.

DICK versus FLETCHER.

On Tuesday, January 3, positively will be published, Price Four Shillings.

1. TRIAL of the REV. ALEXANDER FLETCHER, before the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Sense, and the following Special Jury:—

Sir Walter Scott, Bart.	Thomas Campbell, Esq.
Sir W. Curtis, Bart.	Thomas Moore, Esq.
Sir J. Mackintosh, Knt.	Samuel Rogers, Esq.
Hon J. Abercrombie, M.P.	John Galt, Esq.
John Wilson Croker, Esq., M.P.	William Blackwood, Esq.
Kirkman Finlay, Esq.	James Blythe, Esq.

Including the Speeches verbatim of Mr. Phillips for the Prosecution, and Mr. Scarlett for the Defence.

With an Appendix, comprising the whole of the Letters produced on both sides, and several very extraordinary ones never before published.

By the Author of the Trial of the Rev. Edw. Irving. Embellished with two beautifully coloured Engravings by a celebrated Artist.

In 8vo. price 1s.

2. LOVES of the SAINTS; or, the Diverting History of Sandy and Bobby, &c. &c. Printed for Knight and Lacey, Paternoster Row.

NEW PERIODICAL WORK.

This day is published, No. I. of

THE BRITISH MAGAZINE, Embellished with a Splendid Landscape Engraving, and two exquisitely coloured Female Portraits, illustrative of the Monthly Fashions. Price 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS—The Public Life and Character of the late Sir Samuel Romilly.—Memoirs of the Year 1824.—The Loves of the Cits—Ethelwolf.—The Maid of Queenston (beautifully illustrated).—To my Child, on completing her 10th Year.—Original Poem of Hayley (never published).—Essay on Woman.—Hints to Authors.—To a Skull.—Translations of French Poetry, by John Bowring.—Thoughts on the Close of the Year, in reference to the Close of Life.—The Present State of the Fine Arts in England.—The Fall of the Leaf.—A Night in the Watch-house.—Epitaph on an Infant.—The Fading Rose.—The Forlorn Maiden.—Abbreviations, or a Little of All Things, &c. &c. Reviews, The Drama, Varieties, Domestic Occurrences, Army and Ecclesiastical Promotions, Births, Marriages, and Deaths, and much other Miscellaneous Intelligence.

Knight and Lacey, Publishers, Paternoster Row; and sold by all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

On January 1, 1825, was published, price 3s., No. I. of an entirely New Series of

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE; or, COURT and FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE, embellished with a beautiful Portrait of the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, engraved in Thompson's best style, from the celebrated Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R.A., in the Collection and by permission of the most noble the Marquis of Stafford. Also, two elegant Full-length Female Figures in the most fashionable Dresses of the Day, appropriately coloured, with explanatory Letter-press and comparative notices of the London and Parisian Fashions; likewise a variety of Original Papers on the Belles Lettres, Interesting Tales, Original Poetry, &c. &c. Notices of the principal new Works, New Music, productions of the Fine Arts, Exhibitions, the English and French Drama, &c. &c.

The Number for February will contain a Portrait of the Right Hon. the Countess of Denbigh, from a Painting by Thomas Kirkby, Esq.; and the Magazine will progressively form a Picture Gallery of the Female Nobility of Great Britain.

Proof Impressions, on India Paper, may be had of the Portraits. The Work is printed on superfine royal paper, with a handsome new type, and is got up in the first style of modern improvement.

Published by Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane; and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and may be ordered of all respectable Booksellers in the Kingdom.

London:—Published by Davidson, at No. 2, Surrey Street, Strand, where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Ray, Creep Lane; Richardson, Cornhill; Chapple, Pall Mall; Sutherland, Calton Street, Edinburgh; Griffin and Co., Glasgow; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, W. Serle's Place, Carey Street.